CHAUTAUQUA HYMNAL AND LITURGY

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Chautauqua Hymnal and Liturgy

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION

BY

BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT

NOVELLO, EWER & CO.
21 East Seventeenth Street, New York

NOTE

This Hymnal was compiled for the Chautauqua Institute with the hope that it would be generally used by Chautauqua Assemblies.

The assistance of Mr. Alfred Hallam, Musical Director, in selecting the music, is gratefully acknowledged.

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INTRODUCTION.

THERE was music at Chautauqua — centuries of it — before the days of the Assembly or of the camp-meeting that preceded it; when the birds sang among the trees and underwood of the primeval forest; when the waves of the lake broke softly on the beach; when the winds whispered, or moved or roared through the leafy branches, and when thunders rolled and rumbled among the solitudes — "the reverberation of cloud answering unto cloud."

The first Assembly — that of 1874 — opened on Tuesday evening, August 4, with the ringing of the great bell, sent to us from the Meneelys of Troy. How with its brave tongue it sang a telling solo that first evening! And although it pronounced no articulate summons, there was in its roll and swing and echoes a call to a new and blessed service to which more than a thousand hearts made reverent response amidst the gathering shadows of that first Assembly evening on the shores of Chautauqua Lake.

It is not possible, it would not be wise to attempt to name the leaders, and the voices that made leadership worth while that night, and those who later on that same summer, and through succeeding summers contributed to the musical ministries of Chautauqua. Lest I omit one, I name none. Some of them are in Heaven now; reminding us of Longfellow's sweet words in Hiawatha:

"He is dead, the sweet musician;
* * * * * *
He has moved a little nearer
To the master of all music."

The camp-meeting music of the three preceding years had not been an unworthy forerunner of and preparation for the many years of popular and classic congregational and orchestral music for which, under accomplished leaders, Chautauqua has become renowned. It at least struck the devotional keynote that has since then been perfectly sustained.

The solitary bell of 1874 was followed in 1875 by a peal of three bells, and later on by the fine chime of eleven. Orchestral and military bands, the pipe organ in the Amphitheatre, the great chorus, distinguished pianists, violinists, singers, a summer music school of fine repute, have contributed to the pleasure of multitudes, and to the cultivation of musical taste among thousands and tens of thousands who constitute our great Chautauqua constituency.

Nor has Chautauqua lacked the poetic genius necessary to the production of distinctive Chautauqua songs and hymns, now used in all parts of the Christian world, — such as "Day is Dying in the West," "Break Thou the Bread of Life," etc.

A movement so far reaching, so vital in its influence on personal, intellectual, social, and spiritual life, harmonizing as it does the literary, the esthetic, the religious, and the practical elements of life, must necessarily minister to a further elevation and quickening of thought and feeling which are sure to find expression in both poetry and music. And it is in response to this evolution of sentiment through Chautauqua, and to the demand which Chautauqua has created, that the present volume has been prepared.

JOHN H. VINCENT.

CHAUTAUQUA, NEW YORK, June, 1903.

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Chautauqua Hymnal

Order of Sunday Service.

As used in the Chautauqua Amphitheater every Sabbath morning, and for use in Assemblies, Conventions, etc.

The Congregation will please follow the printed order: Congregation Standing, and Congregation Seated.

1. Organ Voluntary and Invocation.

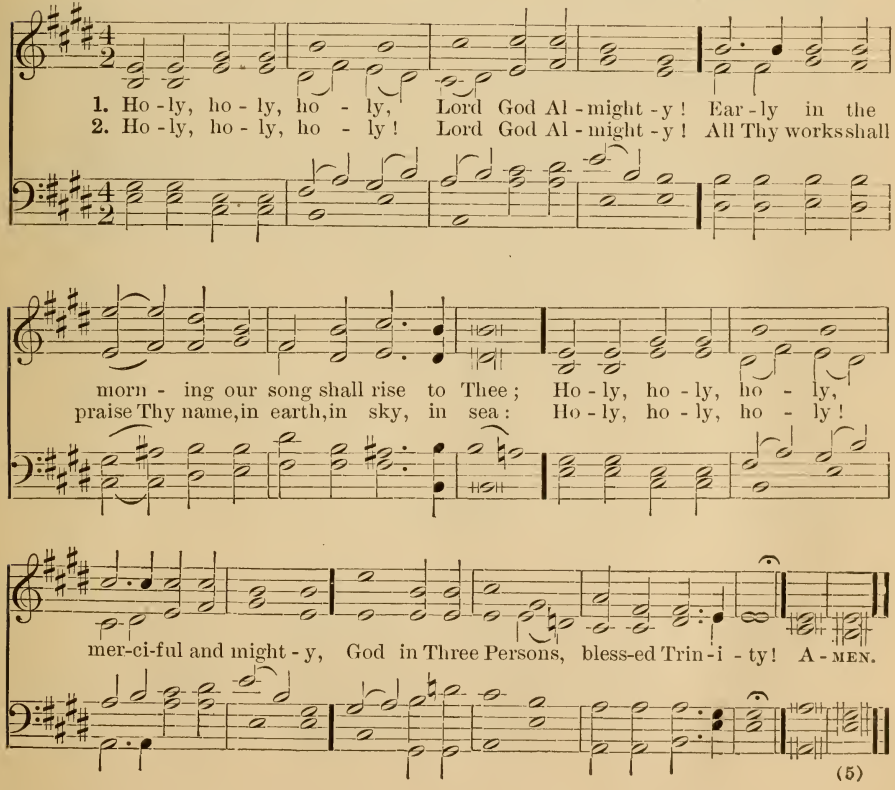
2. Call to Worship. (*Congregation standing.*)

MINISTER. It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, holy Father, almighty, everlasting God.

CONGREGATION. Therefore, with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify Thy glorious name, evermore praising Thee, and saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Glory be to Thee, O Lord Most High.

NICÆA.

Bp. REGINALD HEBER. Rev. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.


1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy works shall
morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
praise Thy name, in earth, in sky, in sea: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
mer-ci-ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty! A - MEN.

3. Responsive Reading. Psalm VIII. (*Congregation standing.*)

MINISTER. O Lord our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth!

CONGREGATION. Who hast set Thy glory above the heavens.

M. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength.

C. Because of Thine enemies, that Thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

M. When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers,

C. The moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained;

M. What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?

C. And the son of man, that Thou visitest him?

M. For Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels,

C. And hast crowned him with glory and honor.

M. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands:

C. Thou hast put all things under his feet;

M. All sheep and oxen, yea, and the the beasts of the field;

C. The fowl of the air and the fish of the sea,

M. And whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

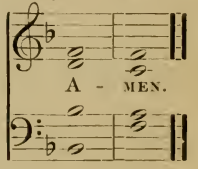
C. O Lord our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth.

(*Congregation seated.*)

4. Anthem by the Choir, or Hymn by All.

5. The General Confession.

CONGREGATION. Almighty God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Maker of all things, Judge of all men; we acknowledge and bewail our manifold sins and wickedness, which we from time to time most grievously have committed, by thought, word, and deed, against Thy Divine Majesty, provoking most justly Thy wrath and indignation against us. We do earnestly repent, and are heartily sorry for these our misdoings; the remembrance of them is grievous unto us. Have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us, most merciful Father; for Thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ's sake, forgive us all that is past, and grant that we may ever hereafter serve and please Thee in newness of life, to the honor and glory of Thy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN.



6. Prayer. (*Closing with the Lord's Prayer.*)

7. The Apostles' Creed. (*Congregation standing.*)

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; the third day He arose from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. AMEN.

8. The Announcements.

9. The Scripture Lesson.

10. Hymn by the Congregation.

11. Sermon.

12. Prayer.

13. Closing Sentences. (*Congregation standing.*)

MINISTER. Almighty God, who hast given us grace at this time, with one accord, to make our common supplications unto Thee, and dost promise that, when two or three are gathered together in Thy name, Thou wilt grant their requests:

CONGREGATION. Fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of Thy servants as may be most expedient for them;

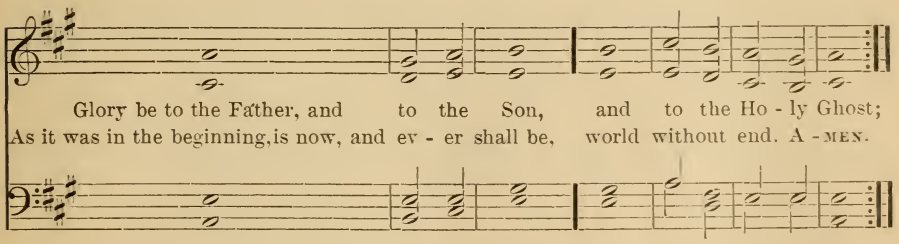
M. Granting us, in this world, knowledge of Thy truth,

C. And, in the world to come, life everlasting.

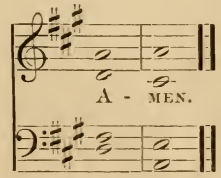
M. Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

C. AMEN.

14. GLORIA PATRI.


Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - MEN.

15. Benediction.



The Chautauqua Vesper Service.

EVENING PRAISE.

Written for the Chautauqua Sunday Vesper Hour.

MARY A. LATHBURY. WM. F. SHERWIN, 1877.

QUARTET OR SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Day is dy - ing in the West; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and wor-ship
while the night Sets her eve - ning lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.
FULL CHORUS.
p
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are
cres.
full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are prais-ing Thee, O Lord most high!

2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the Universe, Thy home,
Gather us who seek Thy face
To the fold of Thy embrace,
For Thou art nigh.

3 While the deepening shadows fall,
Heart of love, enfolding all,
Through the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil Thy face
Our hearts ascend.

4 When forever from our sight
Pass the stars, the day, the night,
Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morning rise
And shadows end.

The Prayer of Thomas A Kempis.

LEADER. Above all things and in all things, O my soul, thou shalt rest in the Lord alway, for He Himself is the everlasting rest of the saints.

CIRCLE. Grant us, O God, to rest in Thee above all creatures,

L. Above all health and beauty,

C. Above all glory and honor,

L. Above all power and dignity,

C. Above all knowledge and subtilty,

L. Above all riches and arts,

C. Above all joy and gladness,

L. Above all fame and praise,

C. Above all sweetness and comfort,

L. Above all hope and promise,

C. Above all desert and desire,

L. Above all gifts and benefits that Thou canst give and impart to us,

C. Above all mirth and joy that the mind of man can receive and feel,

L. Finally, above angels and archangels and above all the heavenly host,

C. Above all things visible and invisible,

L. And above all that Thou art not, O our God.

C. Because Thou, O Lord, our God, art supremely good above all;

L. Thou alone art most high,

C. Thou alone most powerful,

L. Thou alone most full and sufficient,

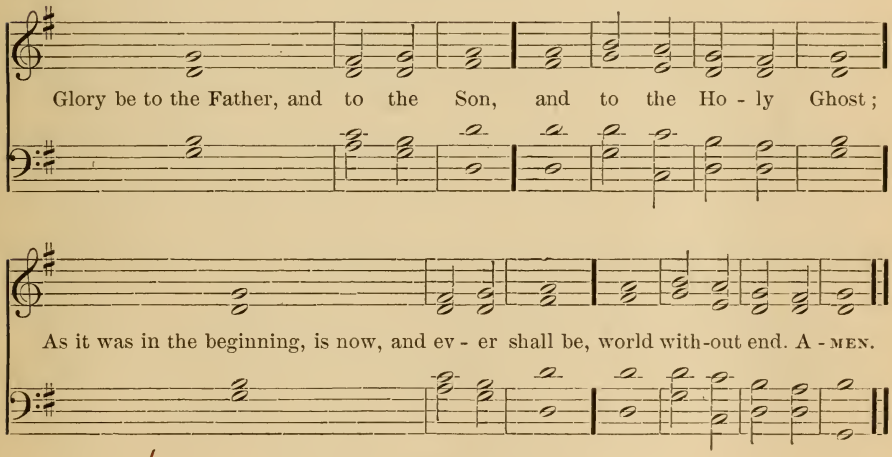
C. Thou alone most sweet and most full of consolation,

L. Thou alone art most lovely and loving,

C. Thou alone most noble and glorious above all things,

L. In whom all good things together both perfectly are and ever have been and shall be.

GLORIA PATRI.


Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with-out end. A - MEN.

(Congregation seated.)

LEADER. And let us not be weary in well-doing:

CIRCLE. For in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. Gal. vi, 9.

L. And this I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment.

C. Being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God. Phil. i, 9–11.

L. And besides this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue;

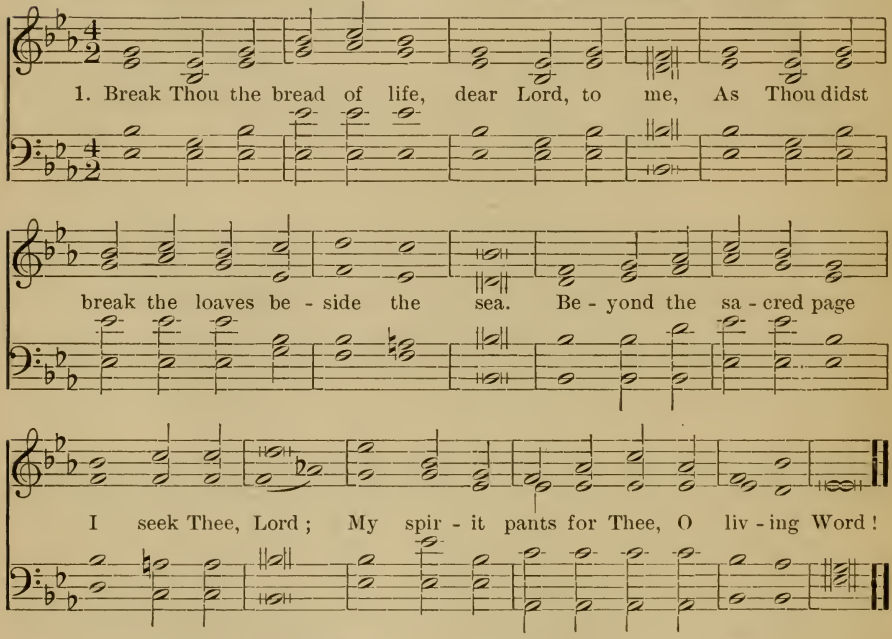
C. And to virtue, knowledge;

L. And to knowledge, temperance;
C. And to temperance, patience;
L. And to patience, godliness;
C. And to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity. 2 Pet. i, 5–7.
L. All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord:
C. And all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before Thee. Ps. xxii, 27.
L. The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. Hab. ii, 14.
C. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree,
L. And instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree:
C. And it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off. Isa. lv, 13.

BREAK THOU THE BREAD OF LIFE.

(Study Song written for Chautauqua.)

MARY A. LATHBURY. WM. F. SHERWIN, 1877, by per.


1. Break Thou the bread of life, dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
break the loaves be - side the sea. Be - yond the sa - cred page
I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word!

2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me, to me,
As Thou didst bless the bread by Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall,
And I shall find my peace,
My All in All!

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(*Let the Congregation stand.*)

LEADER. Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid;

CIRCLE. Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee, and worthily magnify Thy holy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

L. It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, Holy Father, almighty, everlasting God.

C. Therefore with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify Thy glorious name, evermore praising Thee, and saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Glory be to Thee, O Lord most high. Amen.

L. Praise ye the Lord.

C. O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth!

L. Declare His glory among the heathen,

C. His marvelous works among all nations.

L. Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands.

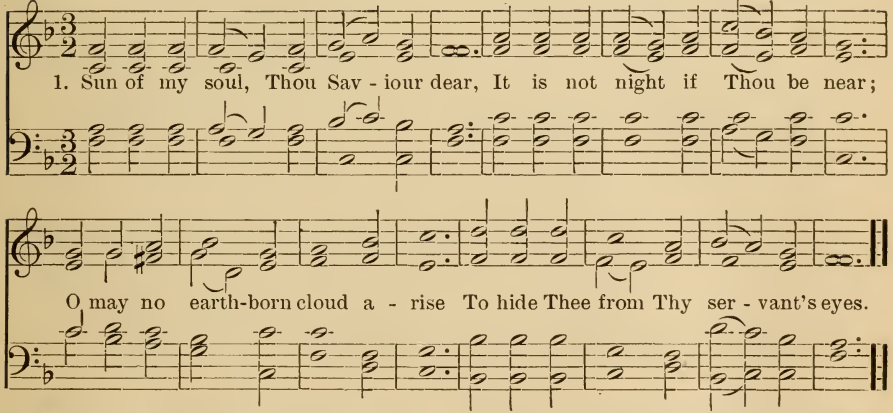
C. Let the people praise Thee, O God, let all the people praise Thee.

(*Congregation seated.*)

Remarks and Prayer.

NIGHT SONG.

J. KEBLE, 1827. PETER RITTER, 1798.


1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere thro' the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

(*Congregation stand.*)

LEADER. The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:

CIRCLE. The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee:

L. The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee,

C. And give thee peace.

Benediction.

Chautauqua "First Night" Vesper Service.

Used at the opening of the first Assembly in 1874, and on each succeeding anniversary of "Old First Night."

LEADER. The day goeth away.—Jer. vi, 4.

CONGREGATION. The shadows of the evening are stretched out.—Jer. vi, 4.

L. Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in Sion;

C. And unto Thee shall the vow be performed.—Psa. lxv, 1.

L. Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.—Psa. lxv, 8.

C. Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud.—Psa. lv, 17.

No. 56. Tune—HENDON. 7s.

Softly now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with Thee.

L. And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day:

C. And Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden.—Gen. iii, 8.

L. Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you.—James iv, 8.

No. 46. Tune—BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be,
‖: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :‖
Nearer to Thee!

L. And Jacob went out from Beersheba and went toward Haran. And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set;

C. And he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep.

L. And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven:

C. And behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.—Gen. xxviii, 10–12.

Though, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
‖: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :‖
Nearer to Thee!

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
‖: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :‖
Nearer to Thee!

L. And it came to pass, when the Lord would take up Elijah into heaven by a whirlwind, that Elijah went with Elisha from Gilgal.—2 Kings ii, 1.

C. And it came to pass, as they still went on, and talked, that, behold. there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder;

L. And Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven.

C. And Elisha saw it, and he cried, My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof.—2 Kings ii, 11, 12.

Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
‖: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :‖
Nearer to Thee!

Prayer.

No. 24. Tune—ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

L. The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:

C. The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee:

L. The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.—Num. vi, 24–26.

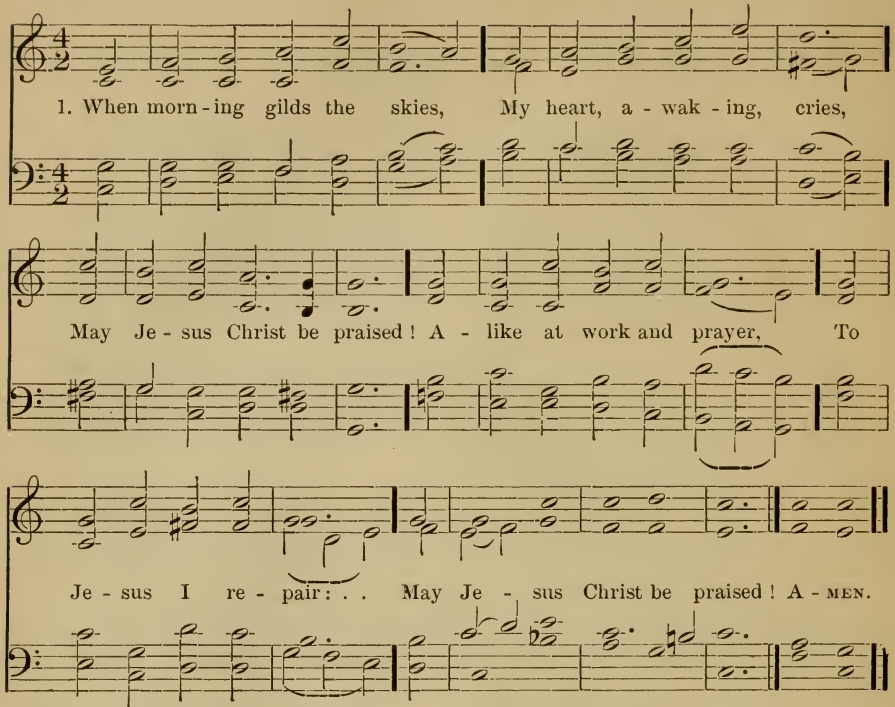
No. 35. Tune—ARLINGTON. C. M.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

1. When Morning Gilds the Skies.

LAUDES DOMINI.

Tr. E. Caswall. J. Barnby.


1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart, a - wak - ing, cries,
May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and prayer, To
Je - sus I re - pair: . . May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - men.

2 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

3 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

4 The night becomes as day
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

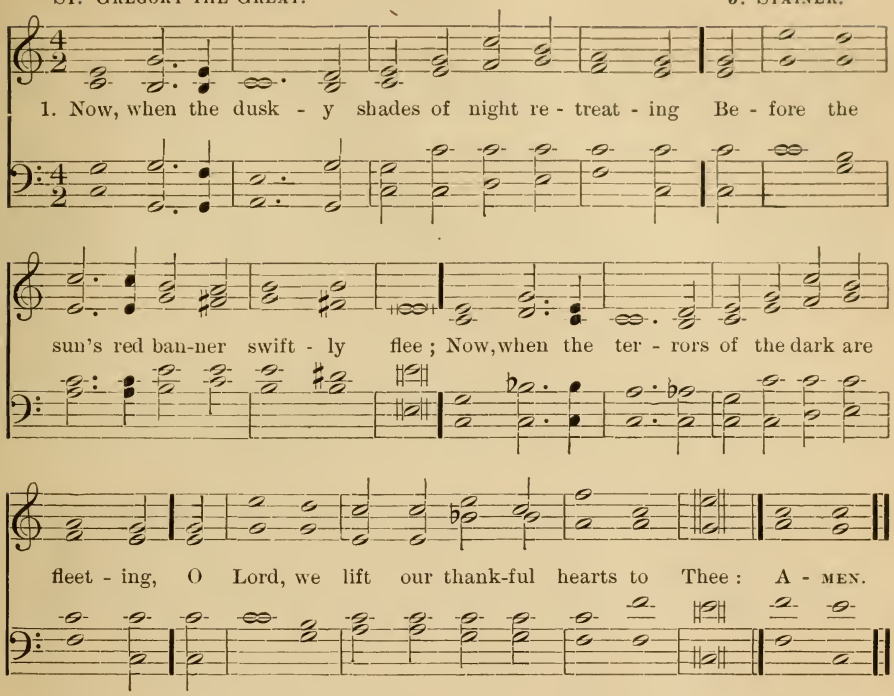
5 In Heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let earth and sea and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

6 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages on,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

2. Now when the Dusky Shades of Night.

DAWN.

St. Gregory the Great. J. Stainer.


1. Now, when the dusk - y shades of night re - treat - ing Be - fore the
sun's red ban-ner swift - ly flee; Now, when the ter - rors of the dark are
fleet - ing, O Lord, we lift our thank-ful hearts to Thee: A - men.

2 To Thee, whose word, the fount of life unsealing,
When hill and dale in thickest darkness lay,
Awoke bright rays across the dim earth stealing,
And bade the eve and morn complete the day.

3 Look from the height of heaven, and send to cheer us
Thy light and truth, and guide us onward still;
Still let Thy mercy, as of old, be near us
And lead us safely to Thy holy hill.

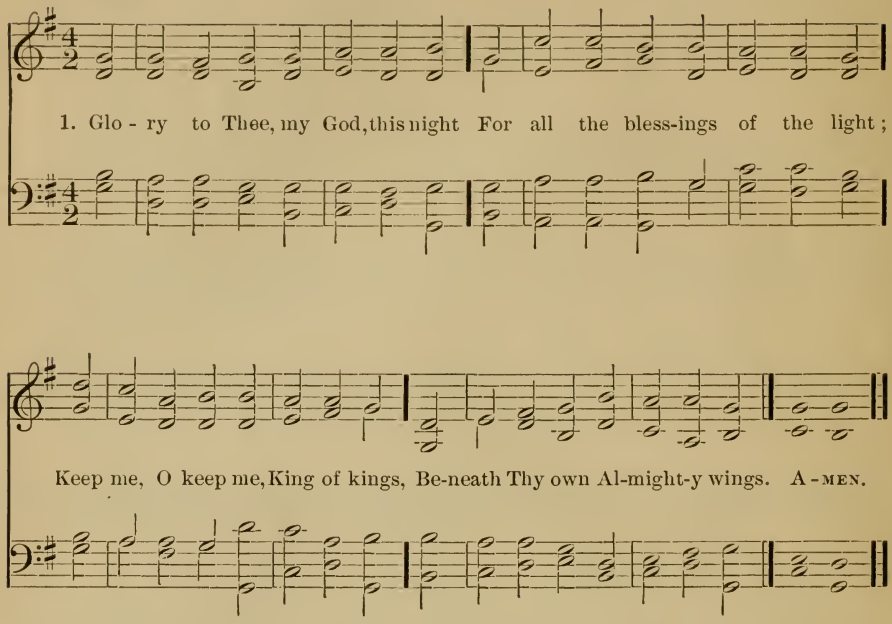
4 So, when that morn of endless light is waking,
And shades of evil from its splendors flee,
Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale forsaking,
Through all the long bright day to dwell with Thee.

5 Be this by Thee, O God Thrice Holy, granted,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, ever Blest;
Whose glory by the heaven and earth is chanted,
Whose Name by men and angels is confest.

3. Glory to Thee, My God, This Night.

TALLIS' CANON.

T. Ken. T. Tallis.


1. Glo - ry to Thee, my God, this night For all the bless-ings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Be-neath Thy own Al-might-y wings. A - men.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

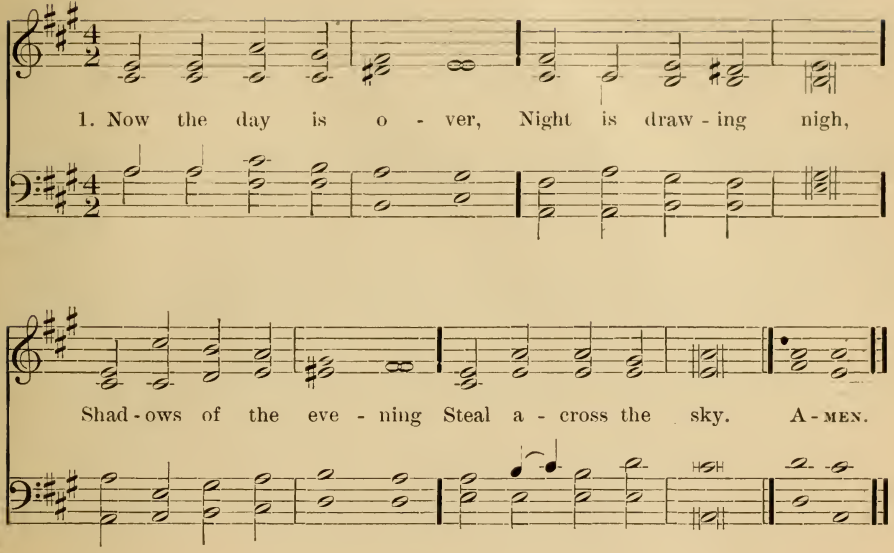
5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, Angelic host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

4. Now the Day is Over.

SUNDOWN.

S. Baring-Gould. J. Barnby.



2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

3 Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

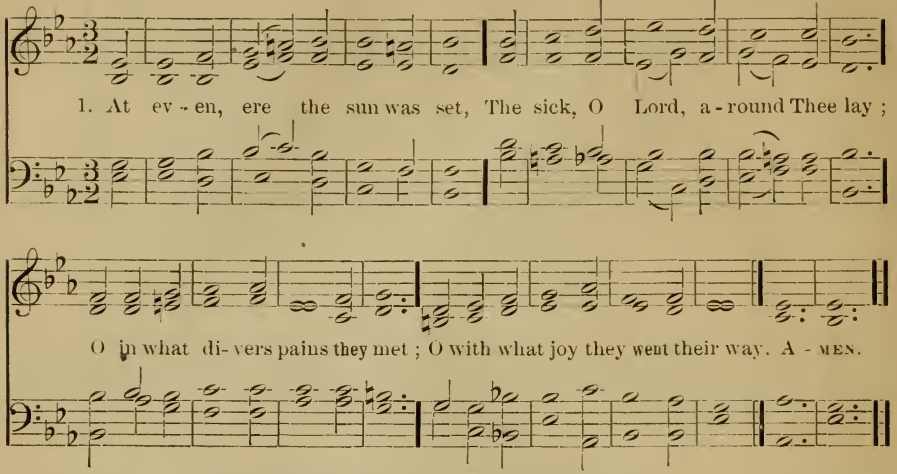
6 Through the long night watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

5. At Even, Ere the Sun was Set.

ANGELUS.

H. Twells. J. Scheffler.


1. At ev - en, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a - round Thee lay ;
O in what di - vers pains they met ; O with what joy they went their way. A - men.

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art there.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;

5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

6. Softly Now the Light of Day.

SEYMOUR.

G. W. Doane. Arr. from C. M. von Weber.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

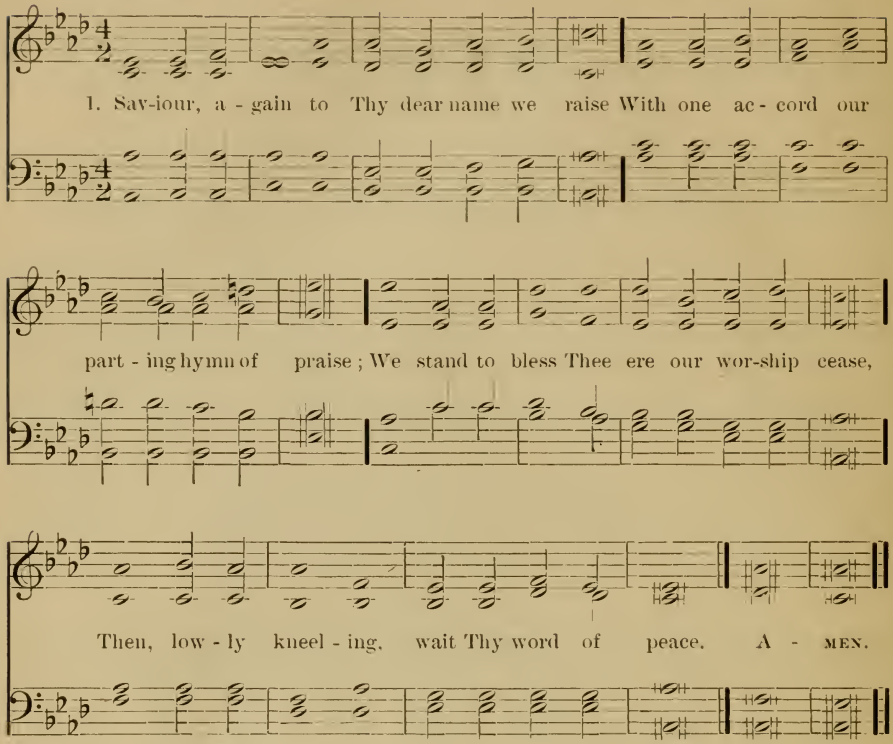
3 Soon for me the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

7. Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name We Raise.

ELLERS.

T. Ellerton. E. J. Hopkins.


1. Sav-iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our
part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our wor-ship cease,
Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace. A - men.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light:
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace!

8. The Sabbath Day has Reached Its Close.

THE SABBATH DAY.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. J. B DYKES.

1. The Sab - bath day has reach'd its close. Yet, Sav - iour,
ere I seek re - pose. Grant me the peace Thy
love be - stows— Smile on my eve - ning hour! A - MEN.

2 O Heavenly Comforter, — sweet guest!
Hallow and soothe my troubled breast:
Weary, I come to Thee for rest —
Smile on my evening hour!

3 O ever present, ever nigh,
Jesus, on Thee I fix mine eye:
Thou hear'st the contrite spirit's sigh —
Smile on my evening hour!

4 My only Intercessor Thou,
Mingle Thy fragrant incense now
With every prayer and every vow —
Smile on my evening hour!

5 And oh! when life's short course shall end,
And death's dark shades around impend,
My God, my everlasting Friend,
Smile on my evening hour!

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9. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

MENDEBRAS.

C. Wordsworth. Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright:
On thee, the high and low - ly, Thro' a - ges joined in tune,
Sing "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri - une. A - men.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land;
A day of sweet reflection,
A day of holy love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

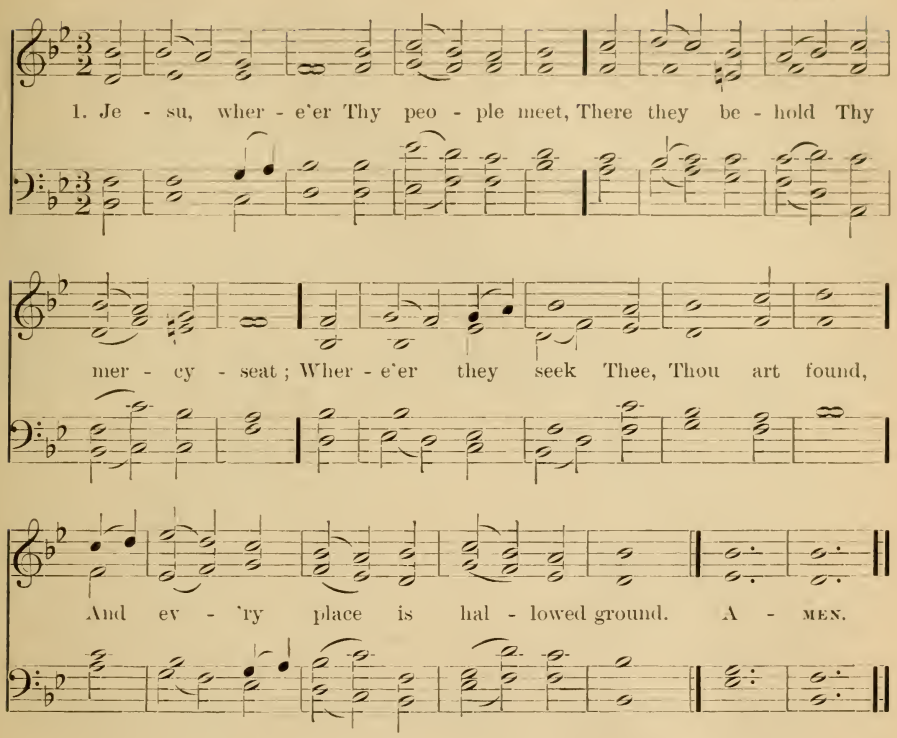
4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls;
Where Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the Rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

10. Jesu, Where'er Thy People Meet.

WAREHAM.

W. Cowper. W. Knapp.


1. Je - su, wher - e'er Thy peo - ple meet, There they be - hold Thy
mer - cy - seat; Wher - e'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And ev - 'ry place is hal - lowed ground. A - men.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going take Thee to their home.

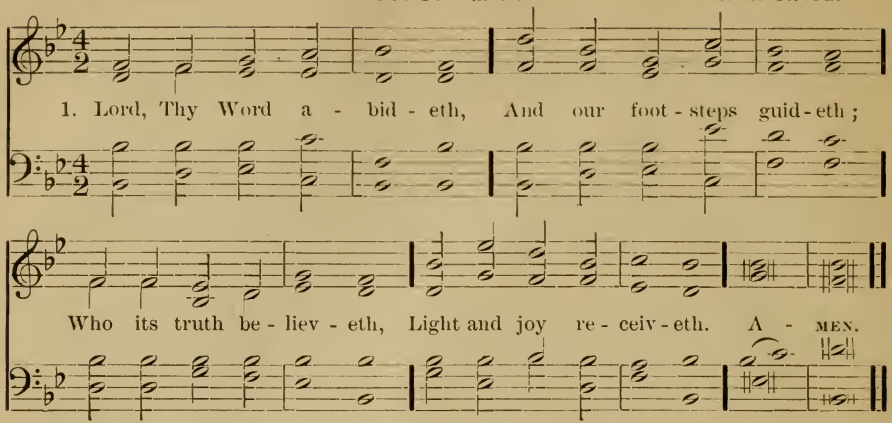
3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all Heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own.

11. Lord, Thy Word Abideth.

H. W. Baker. *ST. CYPRIAN.* R. R. Chope.



2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy Word doth cheer us;
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

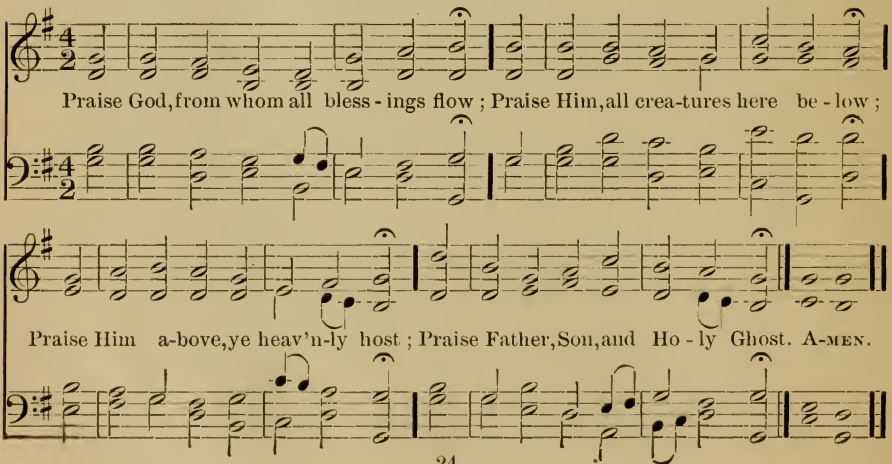
4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted!

5 Word of mercy, giving
Succor to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

6 O that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee!

12. Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow.

T. Ken. *THE OLD 100TH.* "Genevan Psalter."


Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;
Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A-men.

From All That Dwell Below the Skies.

(SECOND HYMN.)

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

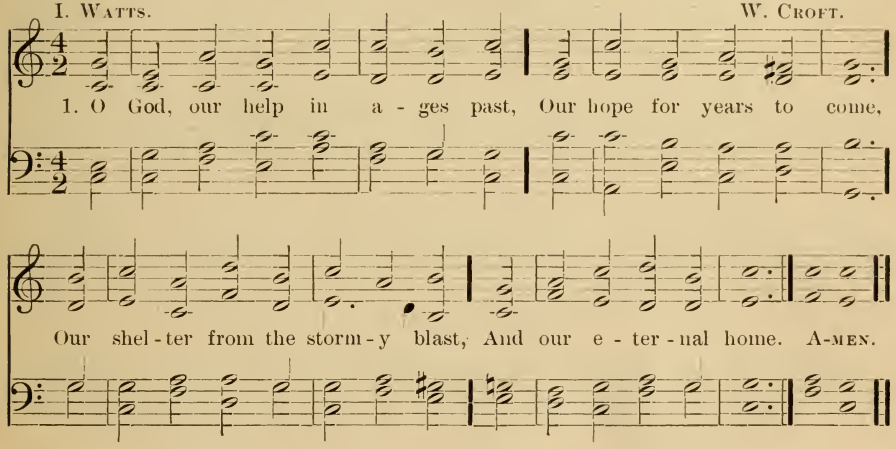
3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

I. WATTS.

13. O God, Our Help in Ages Past.

ST. ANNE.


I. WATTS.
W. CROFT.
1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home. A-MEN.

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

3 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away:
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

5 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

14. Come, Thou Almighty King.

ITALIAN HYMN

F. Giardini.

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name . . to sing,
Help us to praise. Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An-cient of Days. A - men.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall.
Let Thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on Thee be stayed:
Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

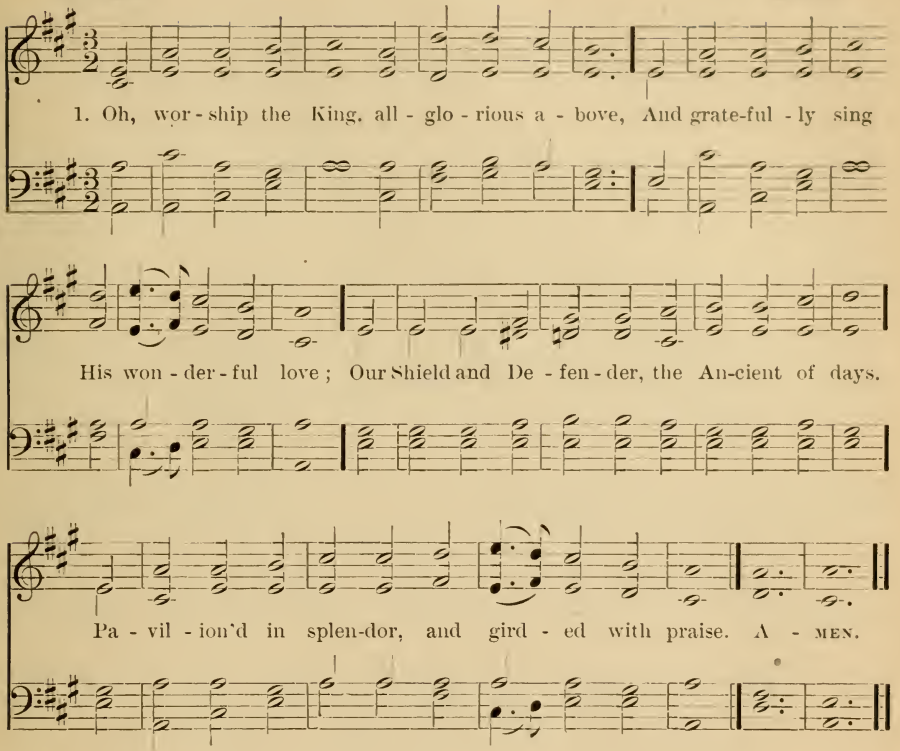
4 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

5 To the great One in Three
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore.
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore!

15. Oh, Worship the King.

LYONS.

R. GRANT. HAYDN.


1. Oh, wor - ship the King, all - glo - rious a - bove, And grate-ful - ly sing
His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fen - der, the An-cient of days.
Pa - vil - ion'd in splen-dor, and gird - ed with praise. A - MEN.

2 Oh, tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

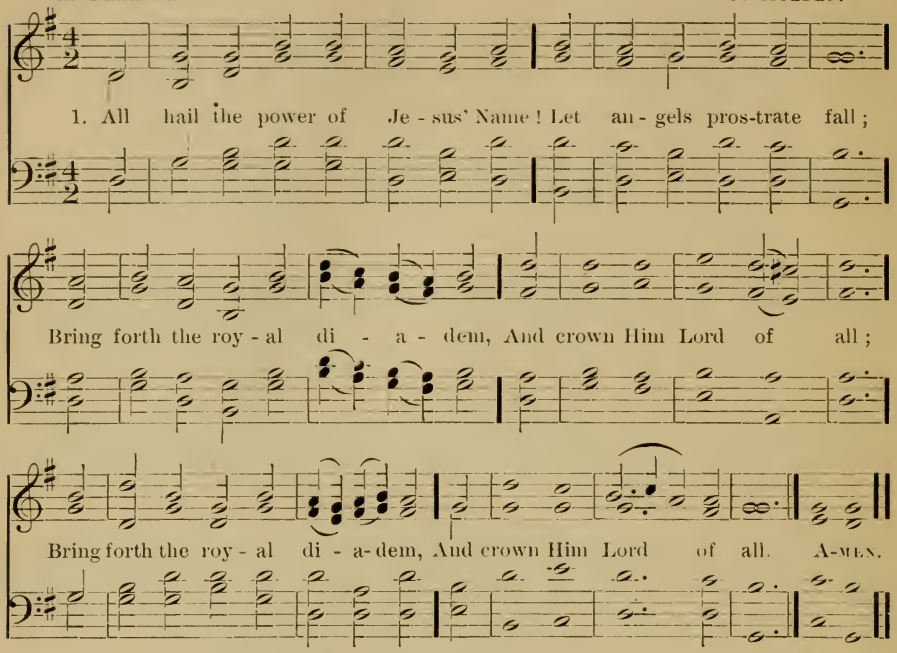
3 His bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend.

16. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

CORONATION.

E. Perronet. O. Holden.


1. All hail the power of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all. A-men.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all!

3 Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God incarnate, Man divine!
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

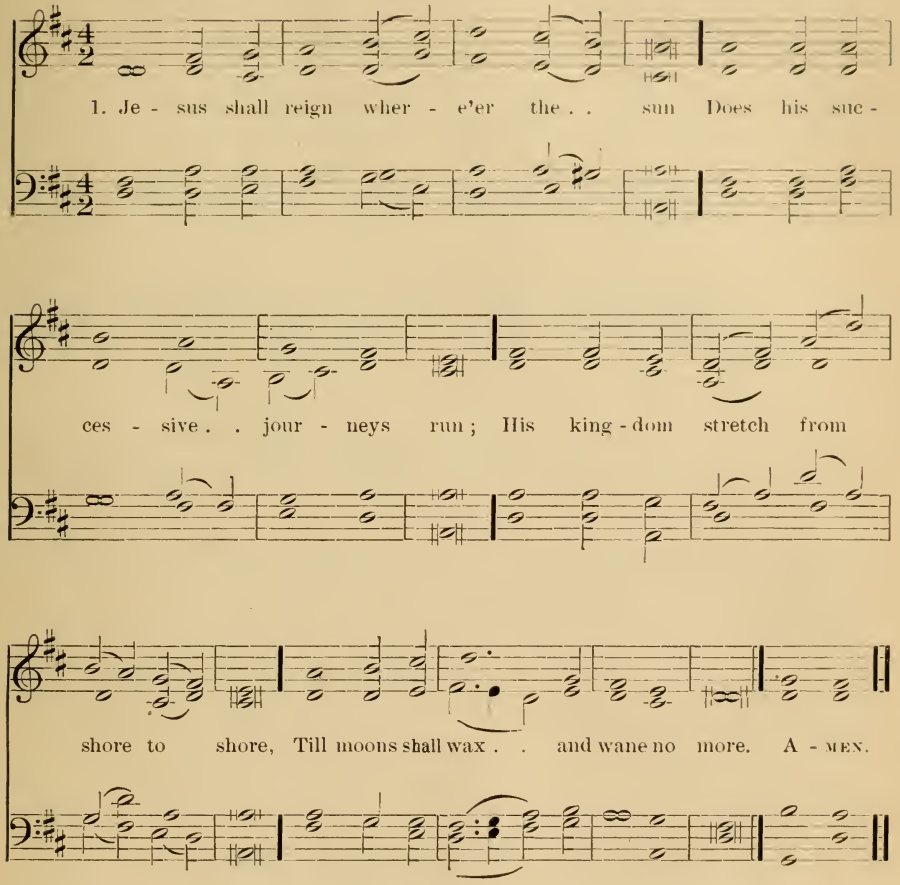
5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
Before Him prostrate fall!
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

17. Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun.

DUKE STREET.

I. Watts. J. Hatton.


1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the . . sun Does his suc -
ces - sive . . jour - neys run; His king - dom stretch from
shore to shore, Till moons shall wax . . and wane no more. A - men.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice;

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

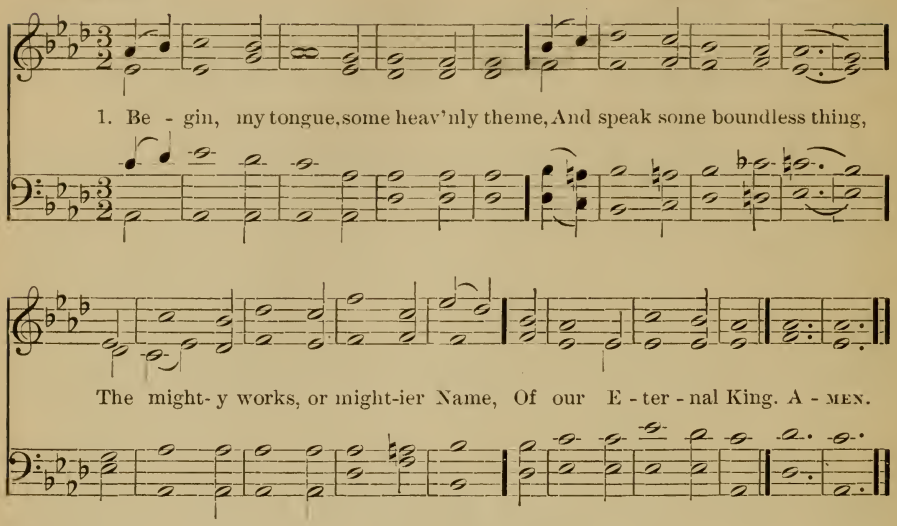
4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose His chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

18. Begin, My Tongue, Some Heavenly Theme.

MANOAH.

I. Watts. Arr. from Rossini.


1. Be - gin, my tongue, some heav'nly theme, And speak some boundless thing,
The might- y works, or might-ier Name, Of our E - ter - nal King. A - men.

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And the performing God.

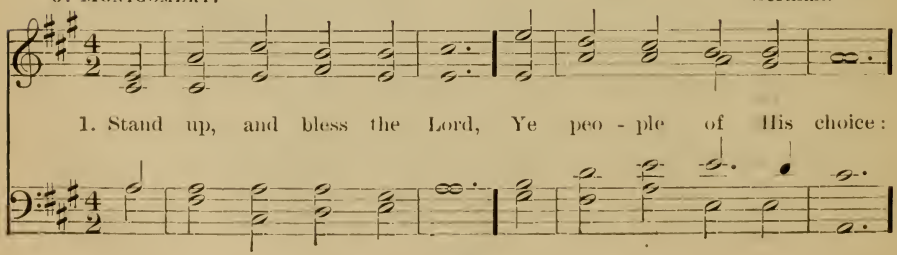
3 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

4 O might I hear Thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art Mine,"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

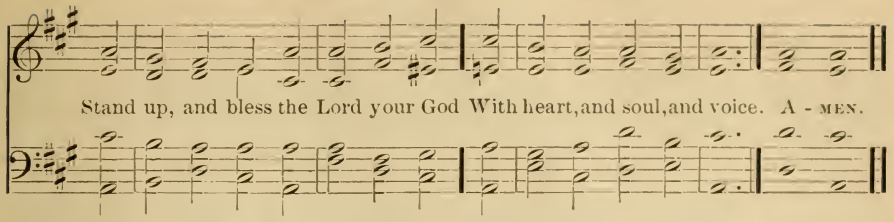
19. Stand Up, and Bless the Lord.

ABBEY.

J. Montgomery. "German."



Stand Up, and Bless the Lord.



2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy Name,
And laud and magnify?

3 O for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to Heaven our thought!

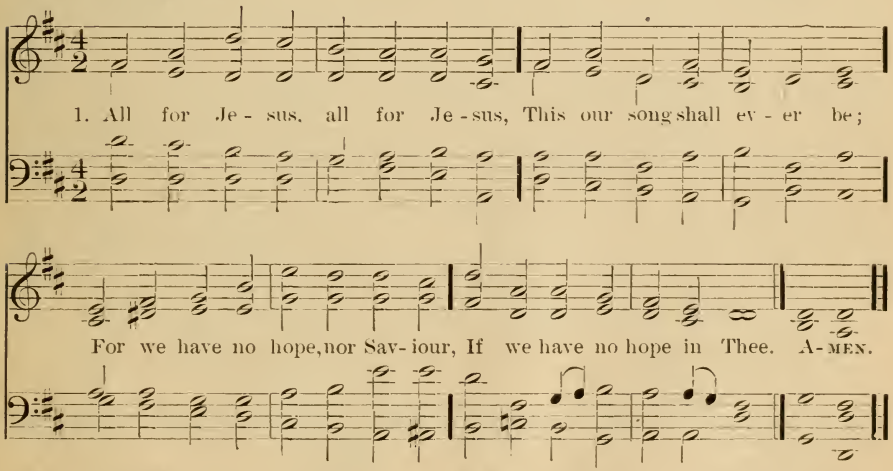
4 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaim'd,
With all our ransom'd powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore:
Stand up, and bless His glorious Name
Henceforth for evermore.

20. All for Jesus, All for Jesus.

ALL FOR JESUS.

W. J. S. SIMPSON. J. STAINER.



2 All for Jesus — Thou wilt give us
Strength to serve Thee, hour by hour,
None can move us from Thy presence,
While we trust Thy love and power.

3 All for Jesus — at Thine altar
Thou wilt give us sweet content:
There, dear Lord, we shall receive Thee
In the solemn sacrament.

4 All for Jesus — Thou hast loved us;
All for Jesus — Thou hast died;
All for Jesus — Thou art with us;
All for Jesus Crucified.

5 All for Jesus — all for Jesus —
This the Church's song must be;
Till, at last, her sons are gathered
One in love and one in Thee.

21. Angel Voices, Ever Singing.

ANGEL VOICES.

F. Pott. A. S. Sullivan.

1. An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light —
An - gel harps for - ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night.
Thousands on- ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee, Lord of might! A-men.

2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest
Mental eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us?
And wilt hear us?
Yea, we can.

3 Yea, we know Thy love rejoices
O'er each work of Thine:
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise combine;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst design.

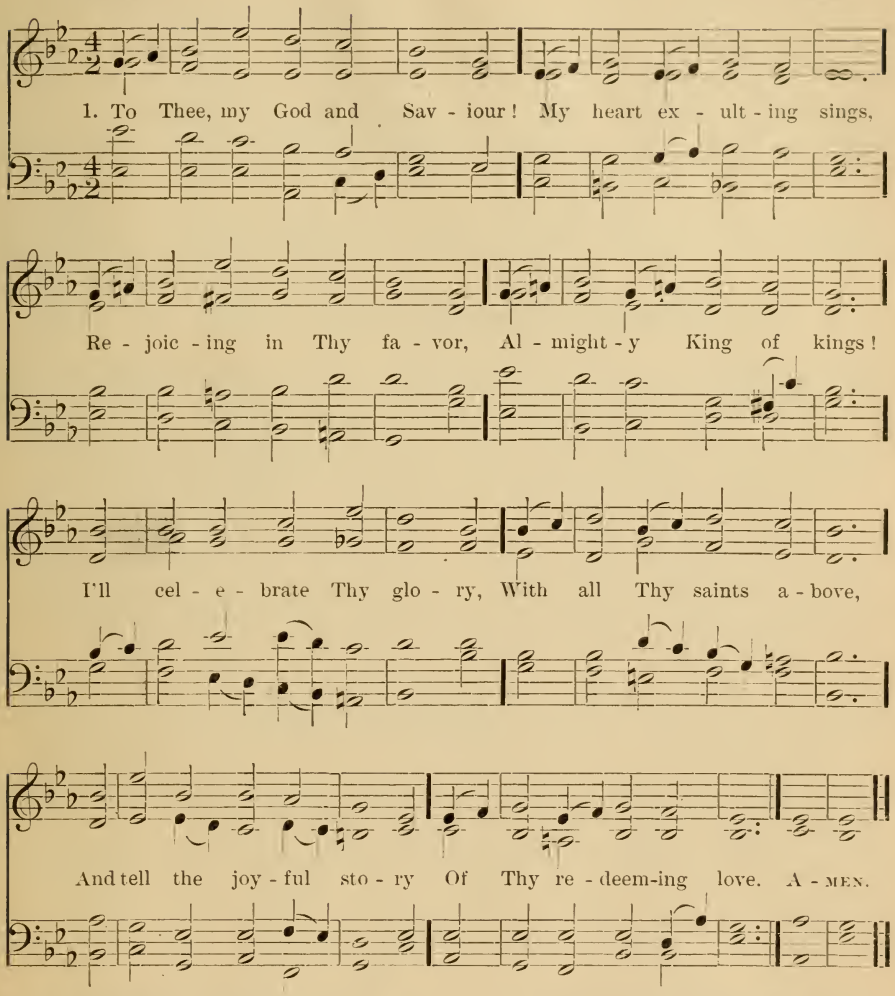
4 Here, Great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

5 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given
Earth and heaven
Render Thee.

22. To Thee, My God and Saviour.

TOURS.

J. Haweis. B. Tours.

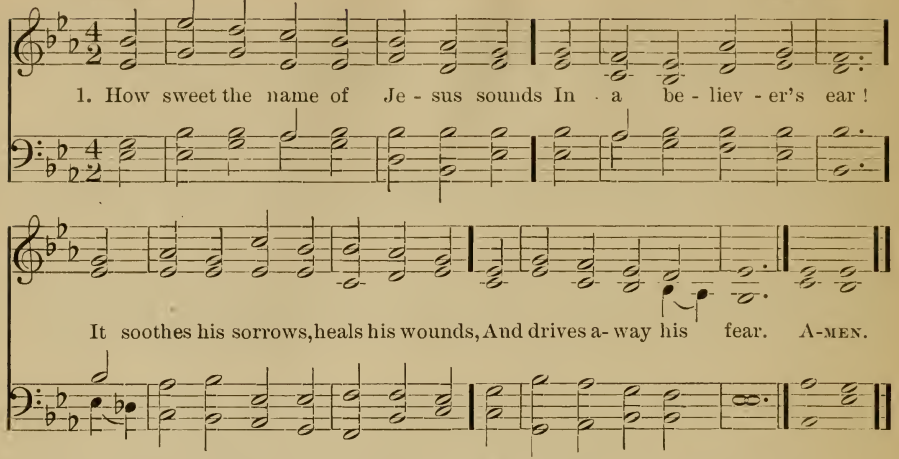

1. To Thee, my God and Sav - iour! My heart ex - ult - ing sings,
Re - joic - ing in Thy fa - vor, Al - might - y King of kings!
I'll cel - e - brate Thy glo - ry, With all Thy saints a - bove,
And tell the joy - ful sto - ry Of Thy re - deem-ing love. A - men.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice, in supplication,
Well-pleased the Lord shall hear:
Oh, grant me Thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By Thee, thro' life supported,
I'll pass the dang'rous rōad,
With heav'nly hosts escorted,
Up to Thy bright abode;
Then cast my crown before Thee,
And all my conflicts o'er,
Unceasingly adore Thee:—
What could an angel more?

23. How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.

J. Newton. *ST. PETER.* A. R. Reinagle.


1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a- way his fear. A-men.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Jesus, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

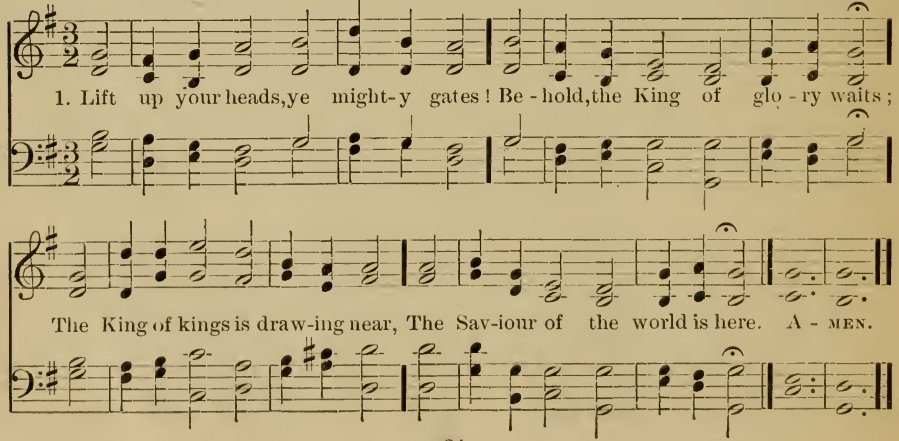
4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

5 Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath:
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death!

24. Lift Up Your Heads, Ye Mighty Gates.

ROCKINGHAM.

Tr. C. Winkworth. L. Mason.


1. Lift up your heads, ye might-y gates! Be - hold, the King of glo - ry waits;
The King of kings is draw-ing near, The Sav-iour of the world is here. A - men.

Lift Up Your Heads, Ye Mighty Gates.

2 The Lord is just, a helper tried;
Mercy is ever at His side;
His kingly crown is holiness;
His scepter, pity in distress.

3 Oh, blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the ruler is confessed!
Oh, happy hearts, and happy homes,
To whom this King of triumph comes.

4 Fling wide the portals of your heart;
Make it a temple, set apart
From earthly use for heav'n's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy.

5 Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to Thee: here, Lord, abide!
Let me Thy inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal!

6 So come, my Sovereign! enter in,
Let new and noble life begin;
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,
Until the glorious crown be won!

25. Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

GOTTSCHALK.

A. Reed. Arr. from Gottschalk.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

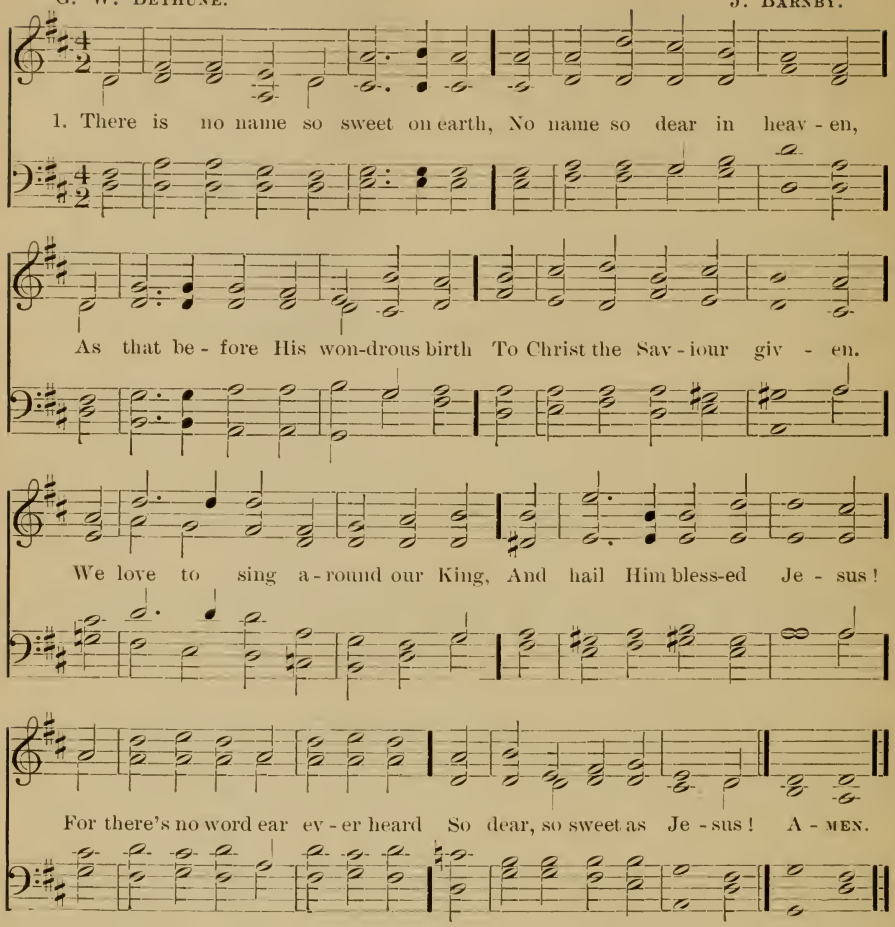
3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

26. There is No Name so Sweet on Earth.

THE BLESSED NAME.

G. W. Bethune. J. Barnby.


1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so dear in heav - en,
As that be - fore His won-drous birth To Christ the Sav - iour giv - en.
We love to sing a - round our King, And hail Him bless-ed Je - sus!
For there's no word ear ev - er heard So dear, so sweet as Je - sus! A - men.

2 'Twas Gabriel first that did proclaim
To His most blessed mother,
That name which now and evermore
We praise above all other.
We love to sing around our King, etc.

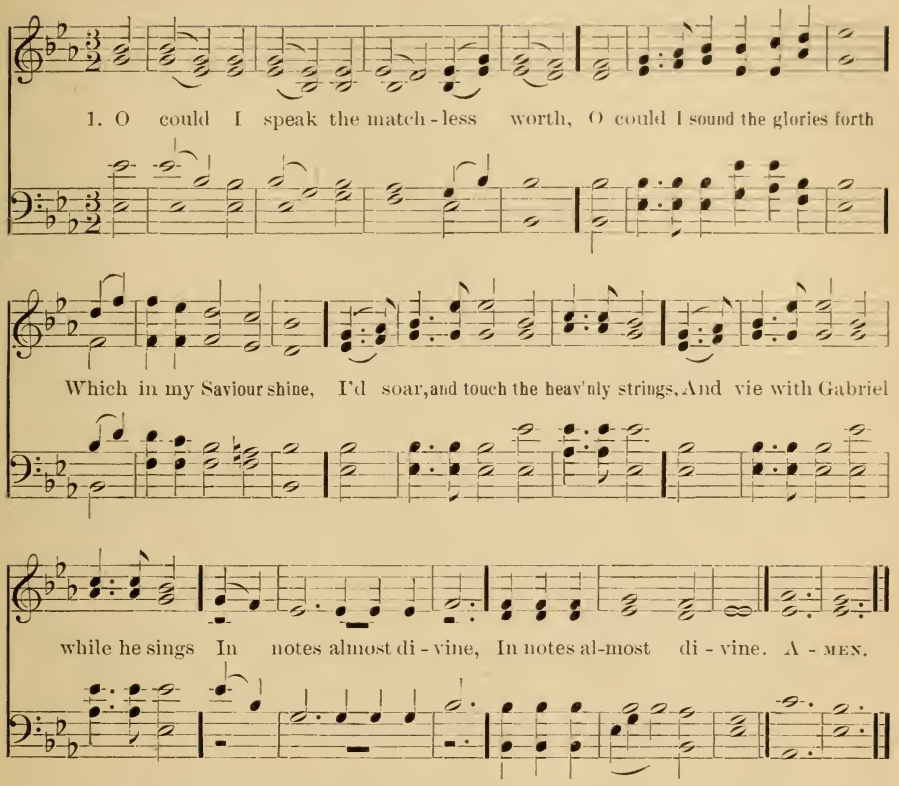
3 And when He hung upon the cross,
They wrote His name above Him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love Him.
We love to sing around our King, etc.

4 So now upon His Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, He ever reigns
The Prince and Saviour Jesus!
We love to sing around our King, etc.

27. O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth.

ARIEL.

S. MEDLEY. Arr. from MOZART.


1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glories forth
Which in my Saviour shine, I'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Gabriel
while he sings In notes almost di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine. A-MEN.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine:
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

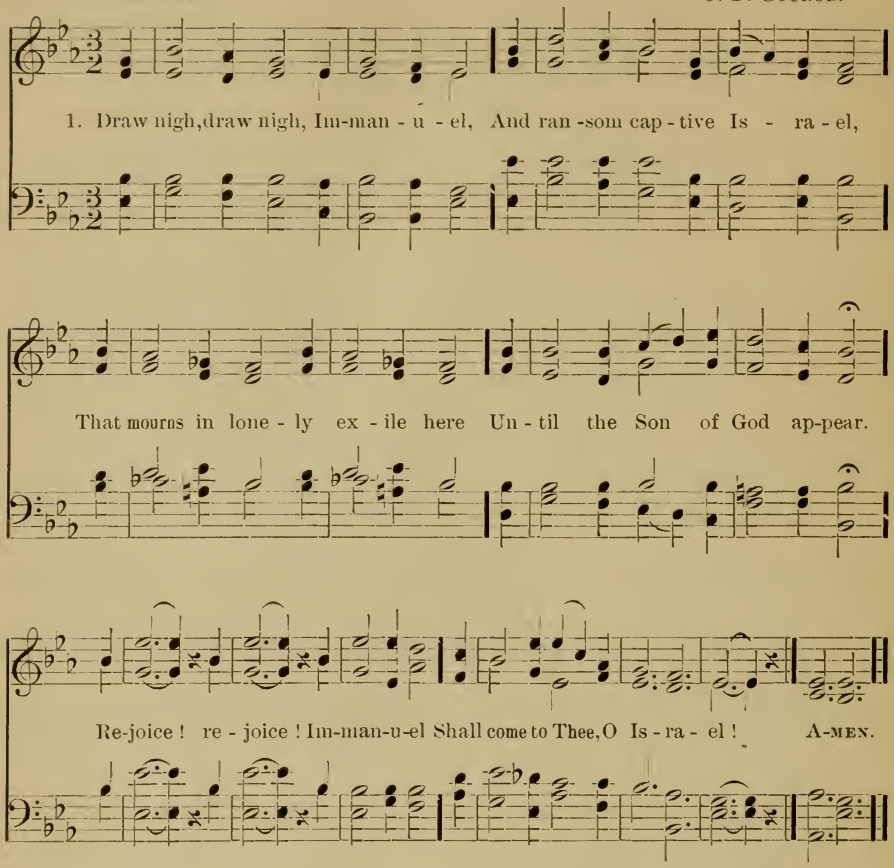
3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face:
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

28. Draw Nigh, Draw Nigh, Immanuel.

GOUNOD.

Tr. J. M. Neale. C. F. Gounod.


1. Draw nigh, draw nigh, Im-man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive Is - ra - el,
That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here Un - til the Son of God ap-pear.
Re-joice! re - joice! Im-man-u-el Shall come to Thee, O Is - ra - el! A-men.

2 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Morning Star,
And bring us comfort from afar,
And banish far from us the gloom
Of sinful night and endless doom.
Rejoice! rejoice! etc.

3 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O David's Key,
The heavenly gate unfolds to Thee;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! rejoice! etc.

4 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of might,
Who once from Sinai's flaming height
Didst give the trembling tribes Thy law,
In cloud and majesty and awe.
Rejoice! rejoice! etc.

29. Down from Their Home on High.

CARTER.

J. CARTER. J. CARTER.

1. Down from their home on high, Down thro' the star-ry sky, An-gels de-
scend-ing fly, While the earth shak-eth; Roll they the stone a-way
From where the Saviour lay — Out in-to glo-rious day His way He tak-eth.
REFRAIN.
Loud hal-le-lu-jahs! Loud hal-le-lu-jahs! Our ris-en Sav-iour,
To Thee we sing: Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! A-MEN.

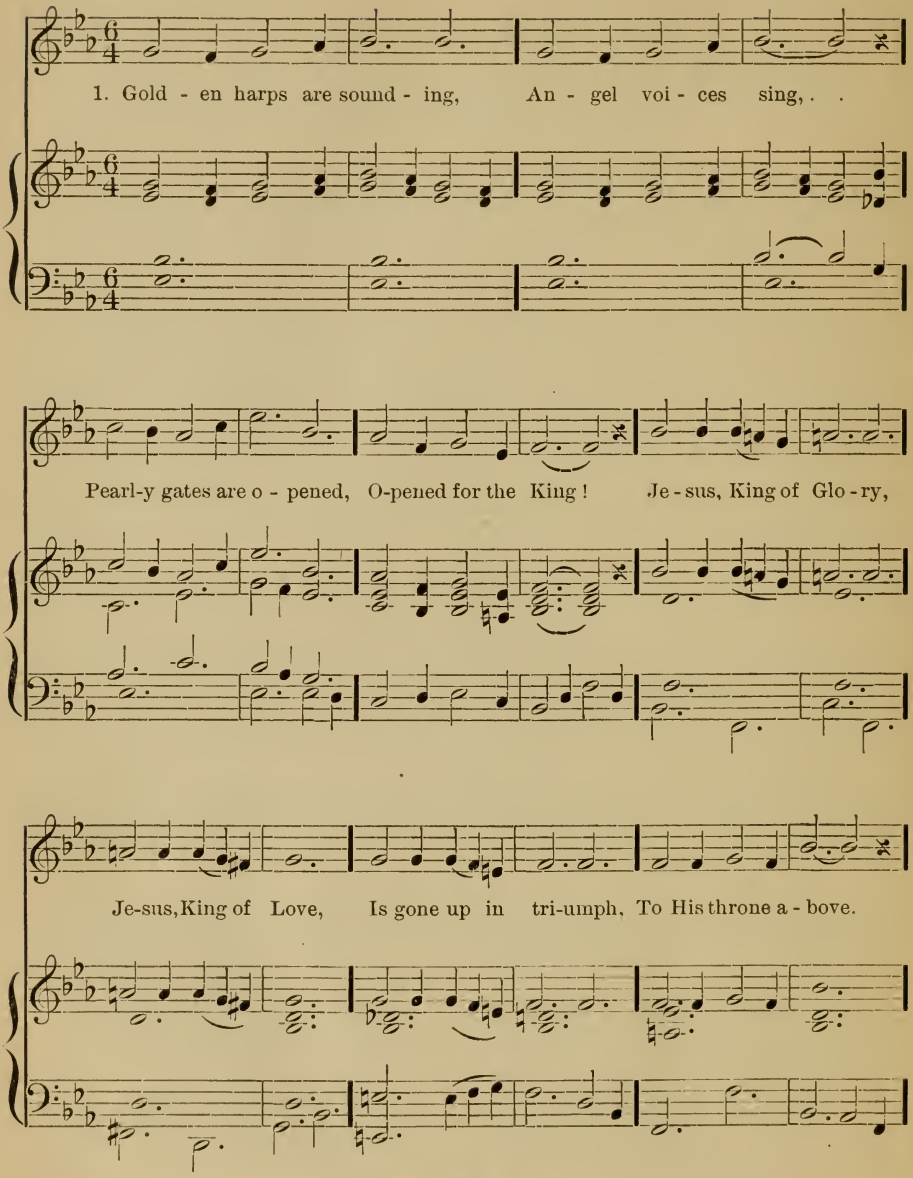
2 He from the grave is gone,
Treading the way alone;
Death now is overthrown
By His endeavor!
Where is thy victory,
O Grave? and where shall be,
O Death, our fear of thee?
Vanished forever!

3 Sing we Thy praise for aye,
Who washed our sins away;
Unto Thy name alway
We shall be singing:
Far down the tracts of time,
Shall ev'ry earthly clime
Join in the song sublime,
With praises ringing!

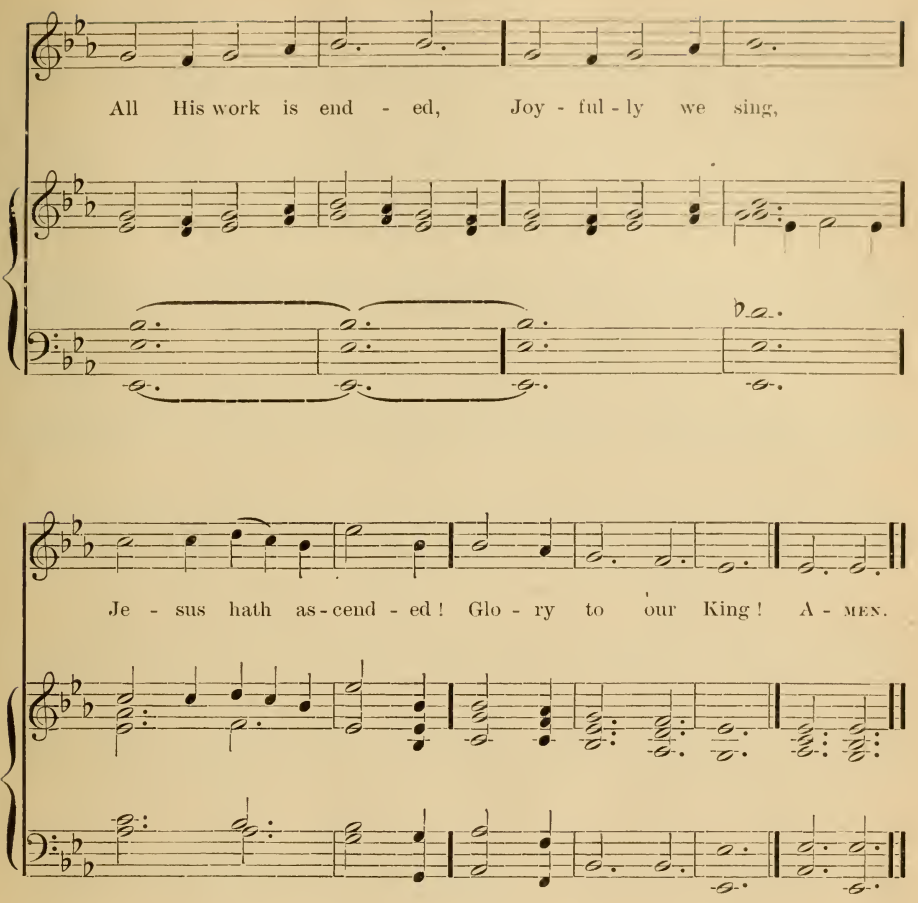
30. Golden Harps are Sounding.

ST. THERESA.

F. R. Havergal. A. S. Sullivan.


1. Gold - en harps are sound - ing, An - gel voi - ces sing, . .
Pearl-y gates are o - pened, O-pened for the King! Je - sus, King of Glo - ry,
Je-sus, King of Love, Is gone up in tri-umph, To His throne a - bove.

Golden Harps are Sounding.



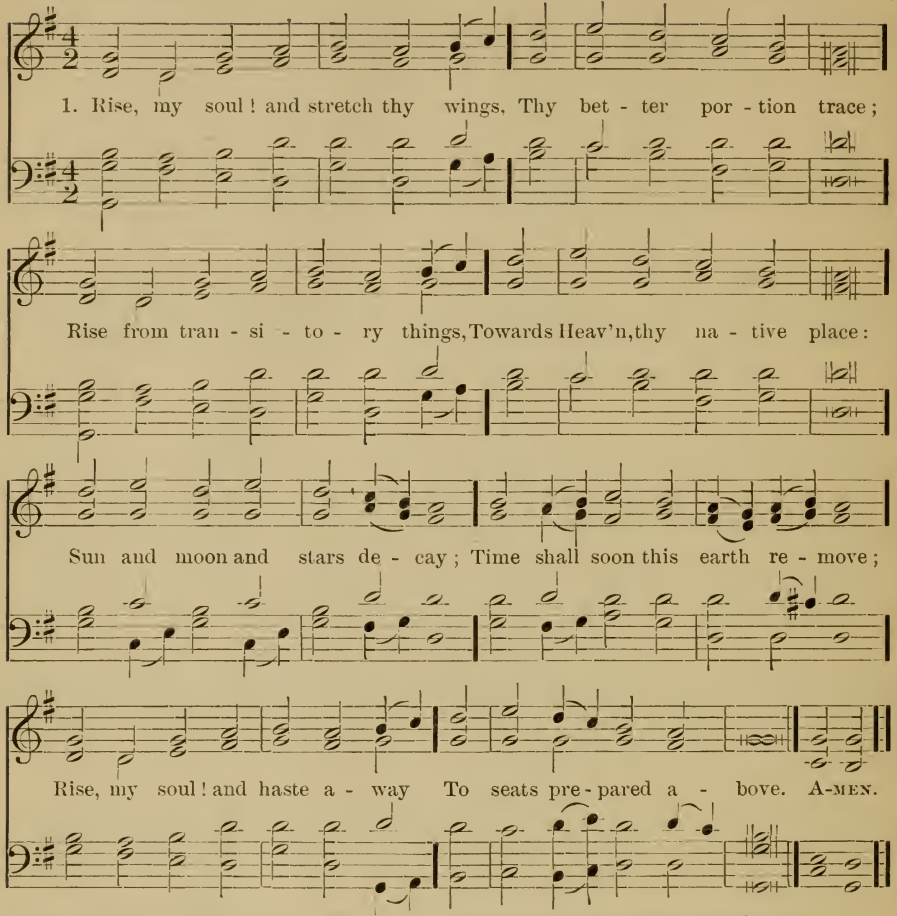
2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory,
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die;
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high!
All His work is ended, etc.

3 Pleading for His children
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His work is ended, etc.

31. Rise, My Soul! and Stretch Thy Wings.

AMSTERDAM.

R. Seagrave. J. Nares (?).


1. Rise, my soul! and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, Towards Heav'n, thy na - tive place:
Sun and moon and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move;
Rise, my soul! and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove. A-men.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source;
So a soul, that's born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3 Fly me, riches! fly me, cares!
Whilst I that coast explore;
Flattering world! with all thy snares,
Solicit me no more!
Pilgrims fix not here their home;
Strangers tarry but a night;
When the last dear morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful light.

4 Cease, ye pilgrims! cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies!
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for Heaven.

32. I was a Wandering Sheep.

PASTOR BONUS.

H. Bonar. A. J. Caldicott.

1. I was a wan-d'ring sheep; I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shep-herd's voice; I would not be con-trolled.
I was a way-ward child; I did not love my home;
I did not love my Fa-ther's voice; I loved a-far to roam. A-MEN.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep;
The Father sought His child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
He found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love;
He saved the wandering one.

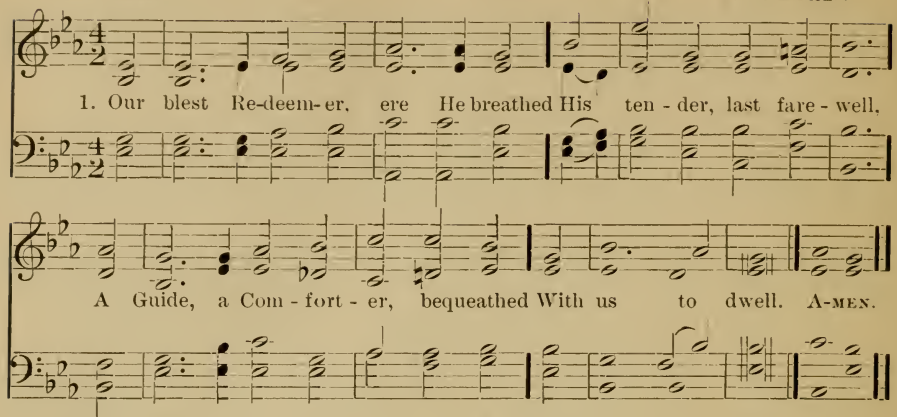
3 Jesus my Shepherd is:
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

33. Our Blest Redeemer, Ere He Breathed

ST. CUTHBERT.

H. AUBER. J. B. DYKES.



2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even, [fear,
That checks each fault, that calms each
And speaks of heaven.

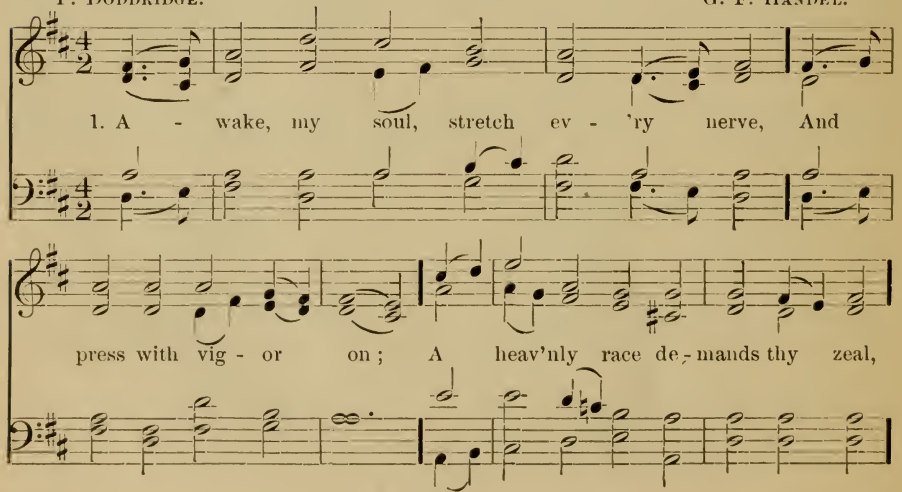
4 And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

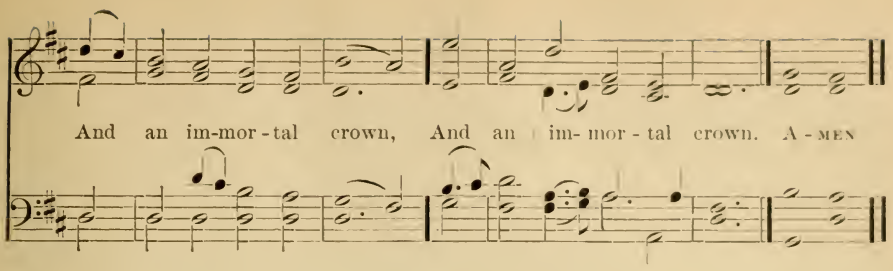
5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

34. Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve.

CHRISTMAS.

P. DODDRIDGE. G. F. HANDEL.





2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye.

4 Then wake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

35. When All Thy Mercies, O My God.

ARLINGTON.

J. ADDISON. T. A. ARNE.

2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But Thou canst read it there.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
Thy glorious theme renew.

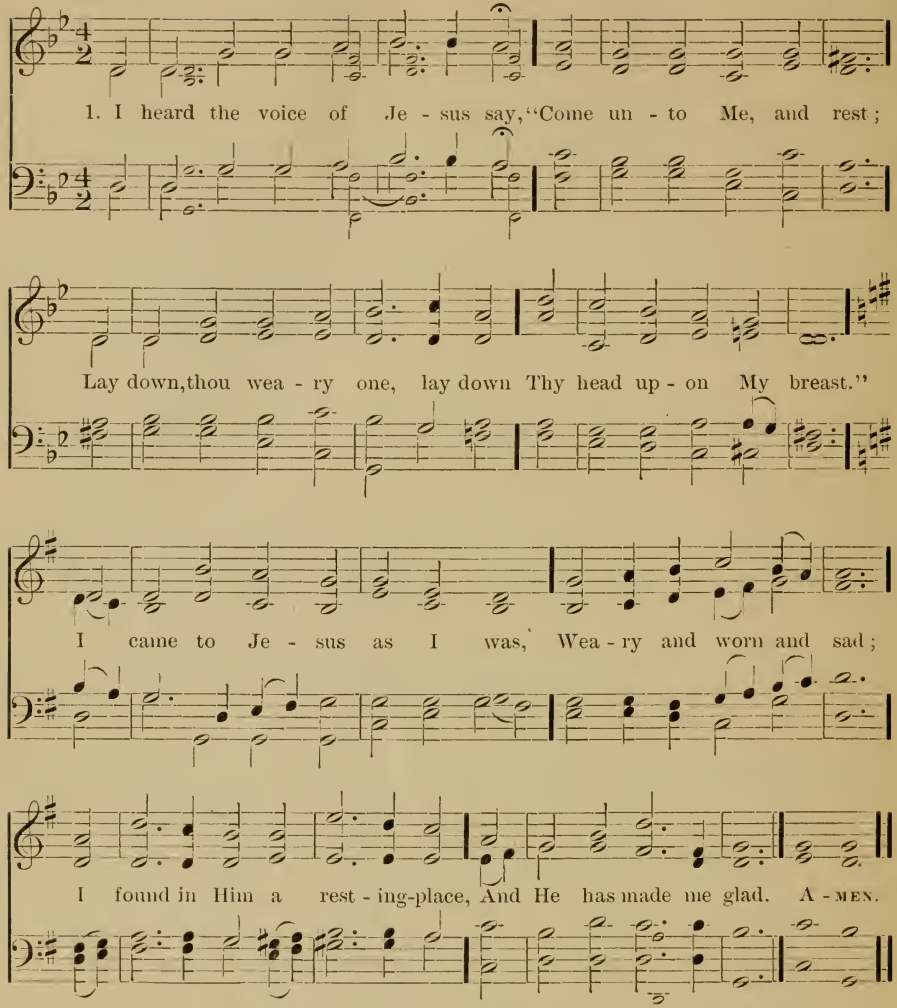
5 When nature fails and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

6 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

36. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

VOX DILECTI.

H. Bonar. J. B. Dykes.


1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me, and rest;
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad;
I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad. A - men.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream; [revived,
My thirst was quenched, my soul
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

37. Come Unto Me, Ye Weary.

COME UNTO ME.

W. C. Dix. J. B. Dykes.

Org.
1. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."
O bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!
It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love that can - not cease. A - men.

2 "Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But He has brought us gladness,
And songs at break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt!
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, O Lord, to Thee.

38. Souls of Men! Why Will Ye Scatter?

ILSLEY.

F. W. Faber. F. G. Ilsley.

1. Souls of men! why will ye scat - ter, Like a crowd of fright-ened sheep?
Fool-ish hearts why will ye wan - der From a love so true and deep?
Was there ev - er kind-est shep-herd Half so gen - tle, half so sweet, As the
Sav - iour who would have us Come and gath - er round His feet? A - MEN.

2 It is God: His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems;
'Tis our Father: and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.
There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

3 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good!
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

4 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.

5 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

39. Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid?

STEPHANOS.

Tr. J. M. Neale. H. W. Baker.

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He by my guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

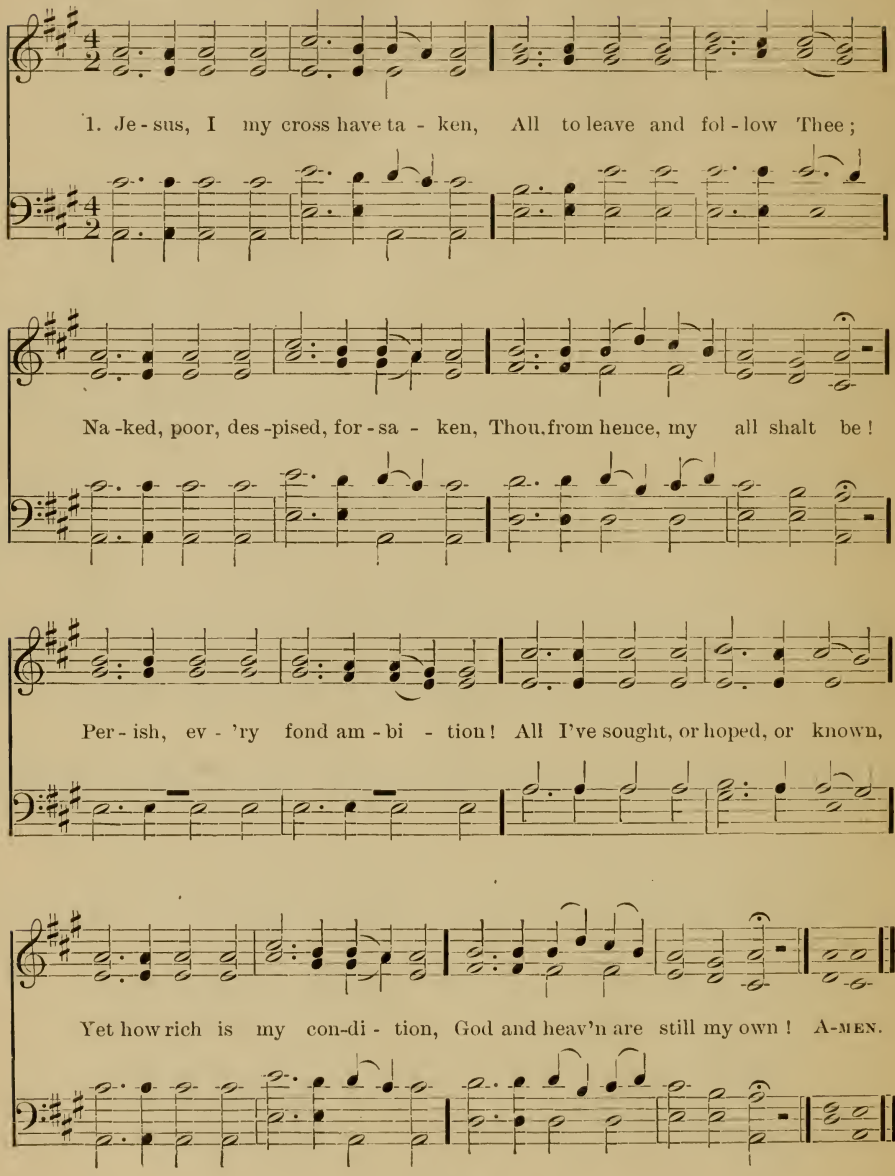
6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

40. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

ELLESDIE.

H. F. Lyte. Arr. from Mozart.


1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol - low Thee;
Na -ked, poor, des -pised, for - sa - ken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be!
Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion! All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my con-di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own! A-men.

Jesus, I My Cross have Taken.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh, while Thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

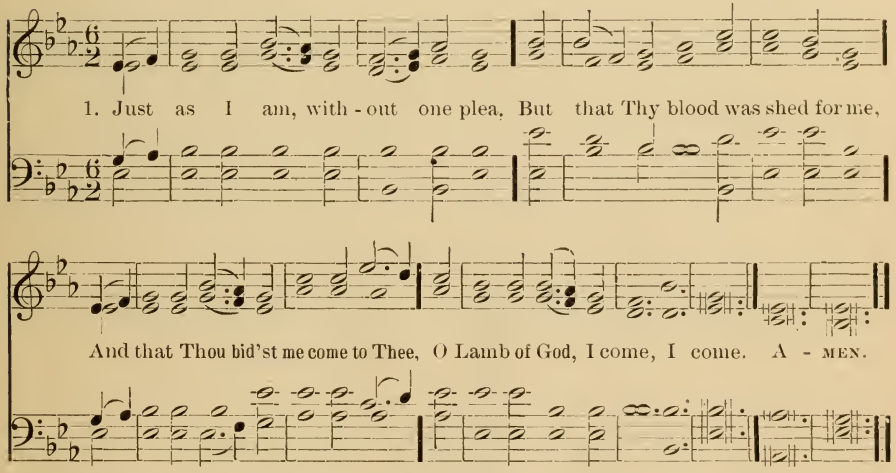
3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest!
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

4 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In Thy service pain is pleasure,
With Thy favor loss is gain:
I have called Thee — Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on Thee!
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

41. Just as I Am, Without One Plea.

WOODWORTH.

C. Elliott. W. B. Bradbury.


1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A - men.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

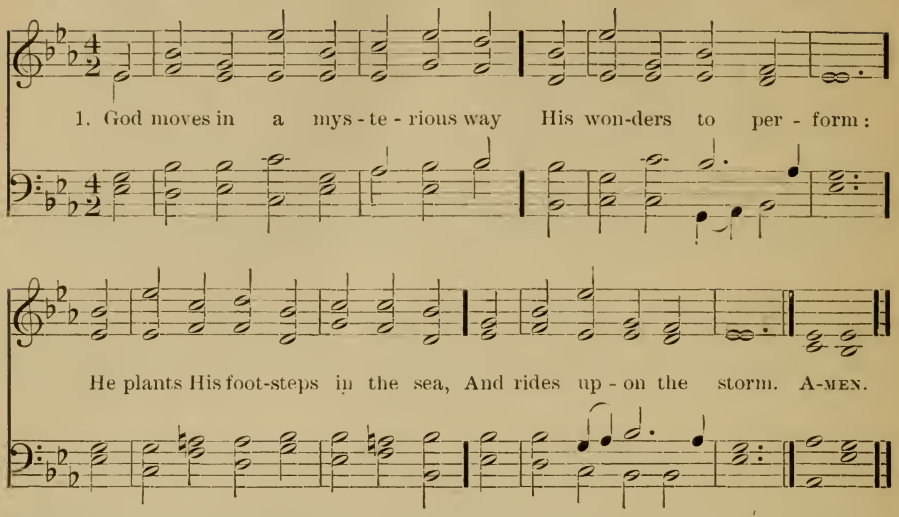
5 Just as I am: Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

42. God Moves in a Mysterious Way.

LONDON NEW.

W. Cowper. "Scotch Psalter."



2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

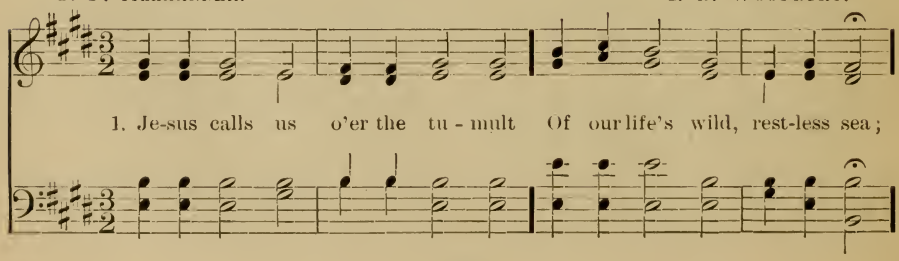
4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

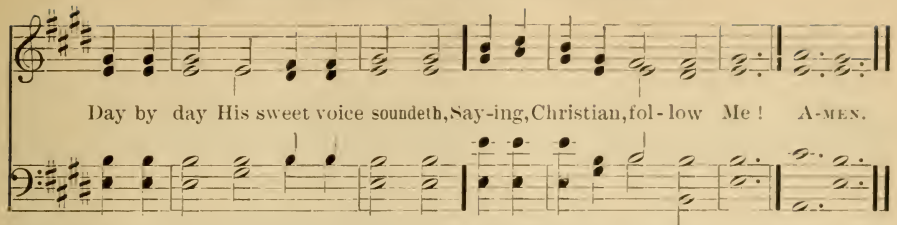
43. Jesus Calls Us O'er the Tumult.

DORRNANCE.

C. F. Alexander. I. B. Woodbury.



Jesus Calls Us O'er the Tumult.



2 Jesus calls us, from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store:
From each idol that would keep us—
Saying, Christian, love Me more!

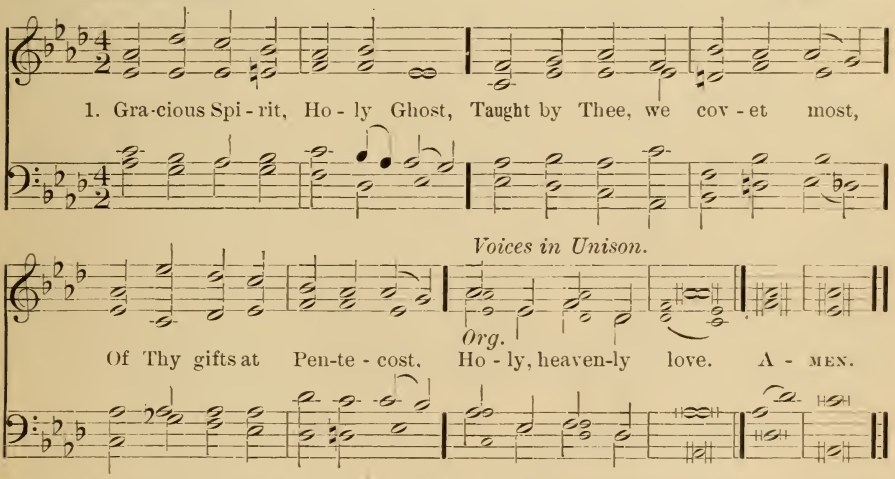
3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,—
Christian, love Me more than these!

4 Jesus calls us! by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call;
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

44. Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost.

CHARITY.

C. WORDSWORTH. J. STAINER.


1. Gra-cious Spi-rit, Ho-ly Ghost, Taught by Thee, we cov-et most,
Voices in Unison.
Org.
Of Thy gifts at Pen-te-cost. Ho-ly, heaven-ly love. A-MEN.

2 Love is kind and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore give us love.

3 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore give us love.

4 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright,
Therefore give us love.

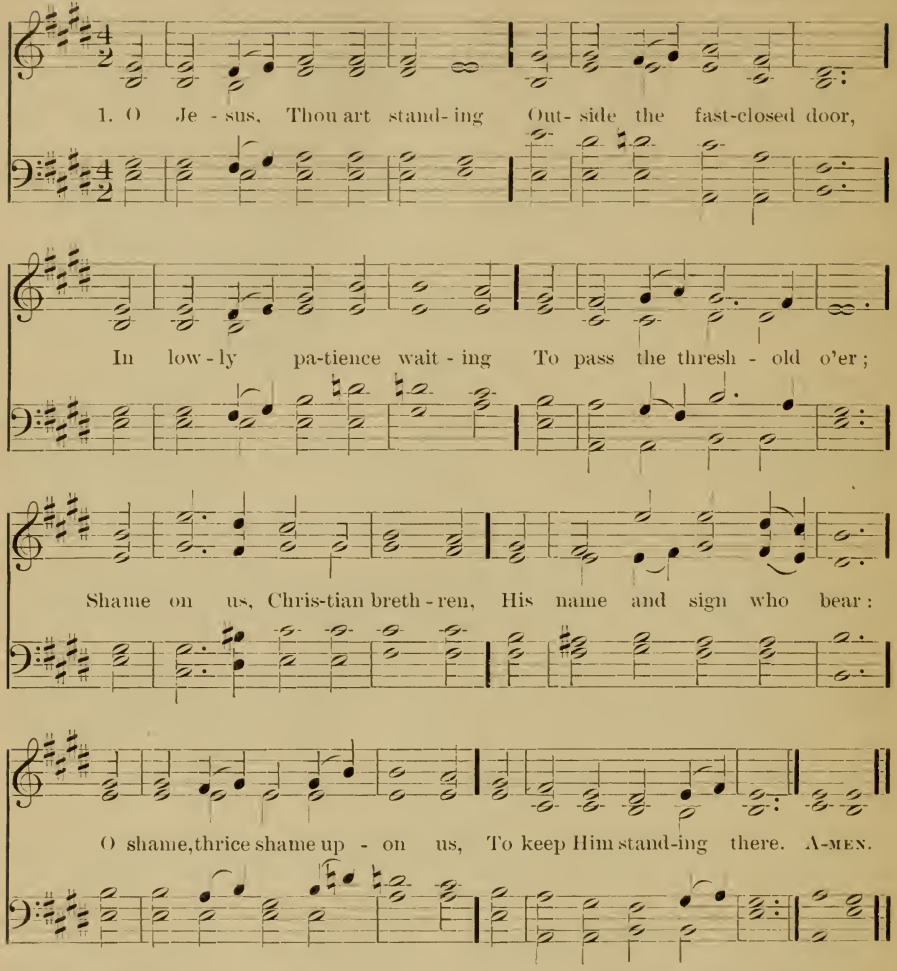
5 Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love

6 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love.

45. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

ST. HILDA.

W. W. How. J. H. Knecht.
E. Husband.


1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand- ing Out- side the fast-closed door,
In low - ly pa-tience wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er;
Shame on us, Chris-tian breth - ren, His name and sign who bear:
O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand-ing there. A-men.

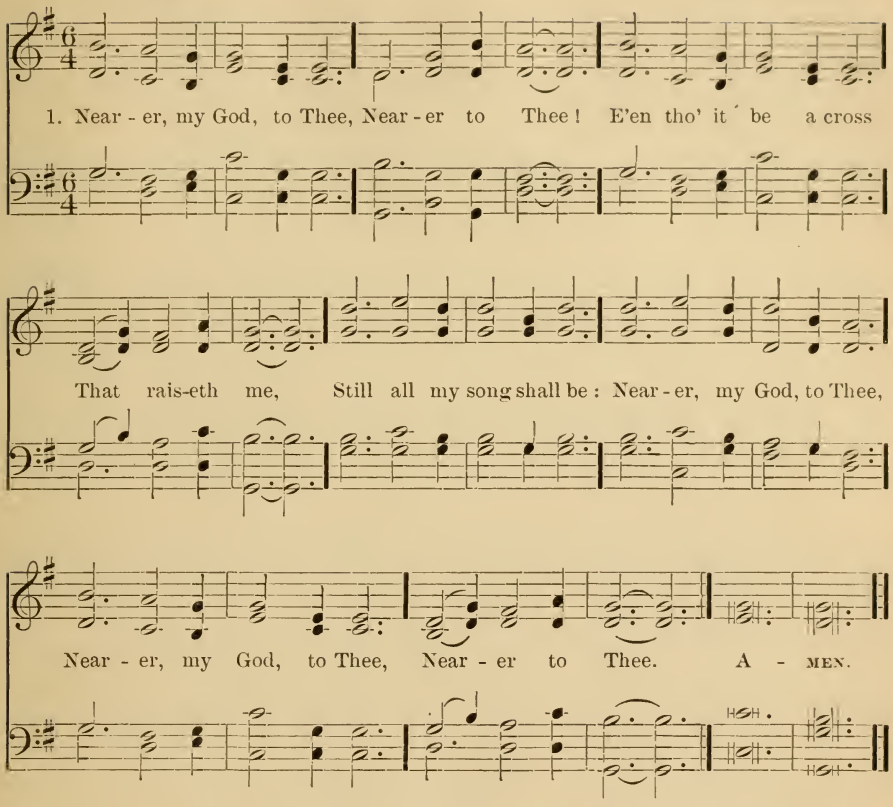
2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred.
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more.

46. Nearer, My God, To Thee.

BETHANY.

S. F. Adams. L. Mason.


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be: Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. A - men.

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone, —
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto Heaven!
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly, —
Still all my song shall be:
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

47. Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.

TOPLADY.

A. M. Toplady. T. Hastings.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee!
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power. A - men.

2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

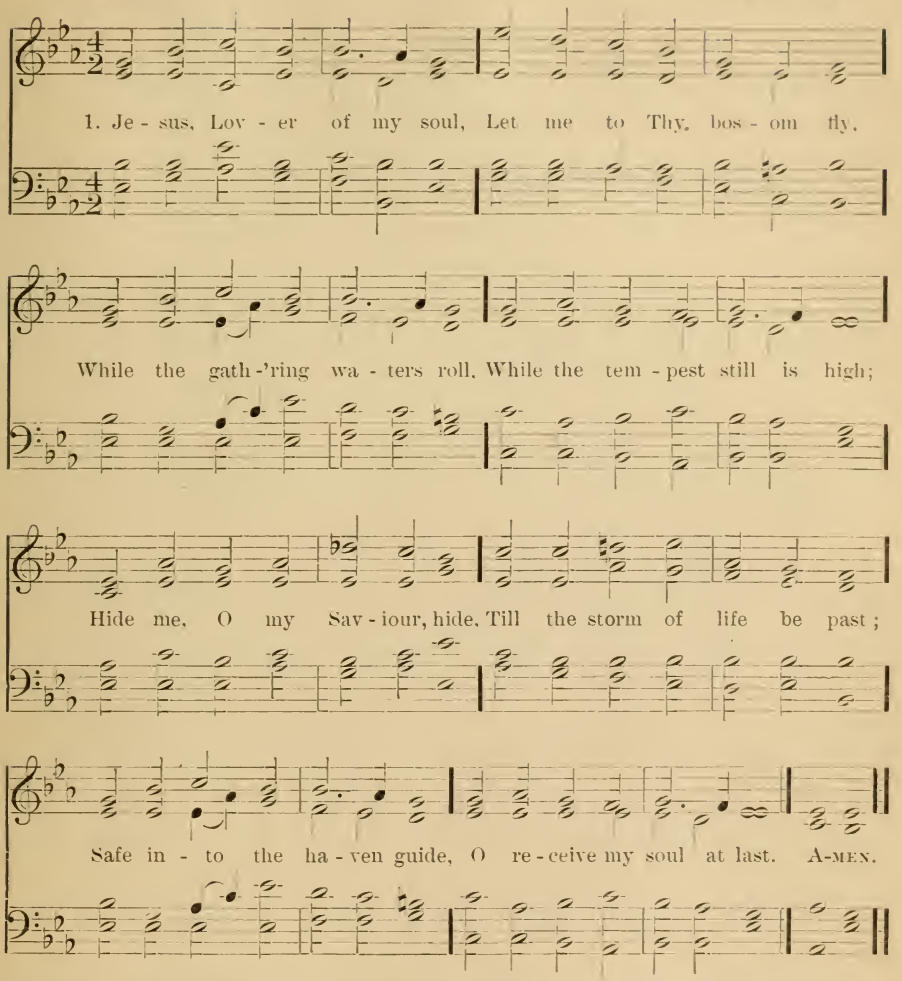
3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to Thy fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

48. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

HOLLINGSIDE.

C. Wesley. J. B. Dykes.


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the gath-'ring wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last. A-men.

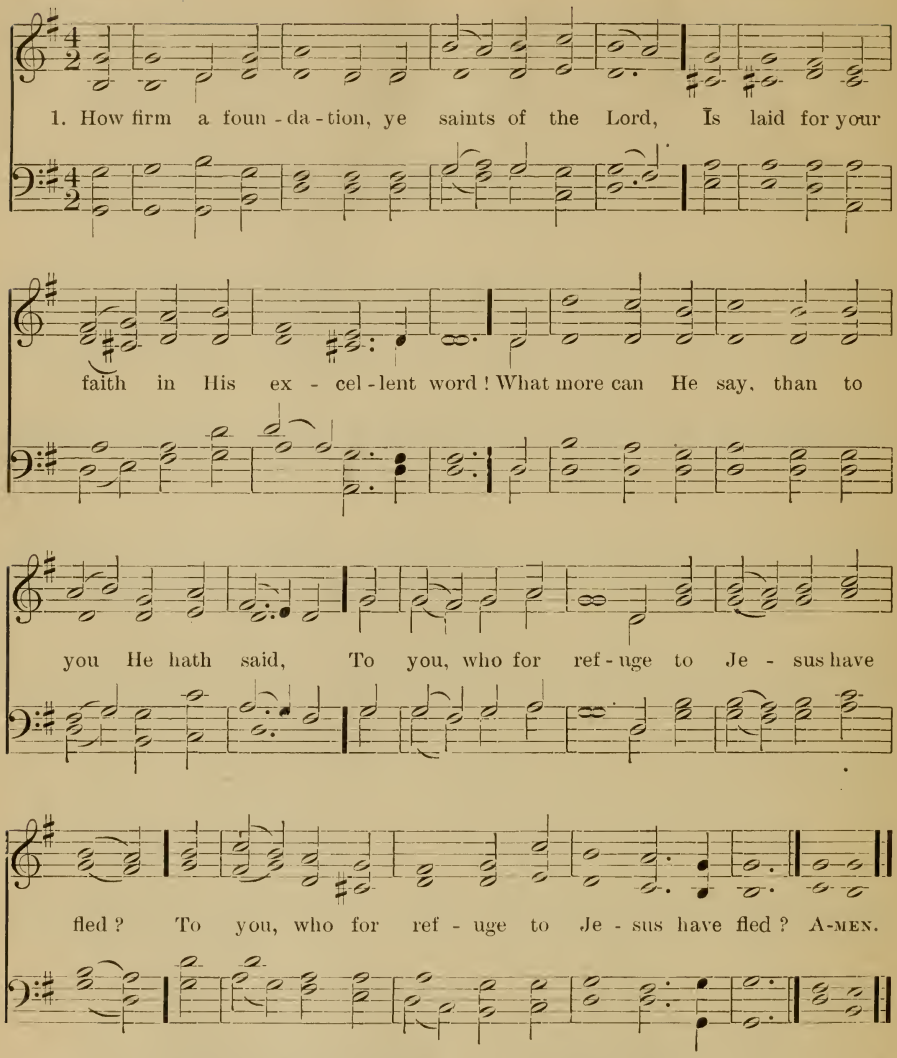
2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed.
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of Life the Fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

49. How Firm a Foundation.

ADESTE FIDELES.

"KEEN." J. READING.


1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say, than to
you He hath said, To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have
fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled? A-MEN.

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am Thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand,

3 "When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee: I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

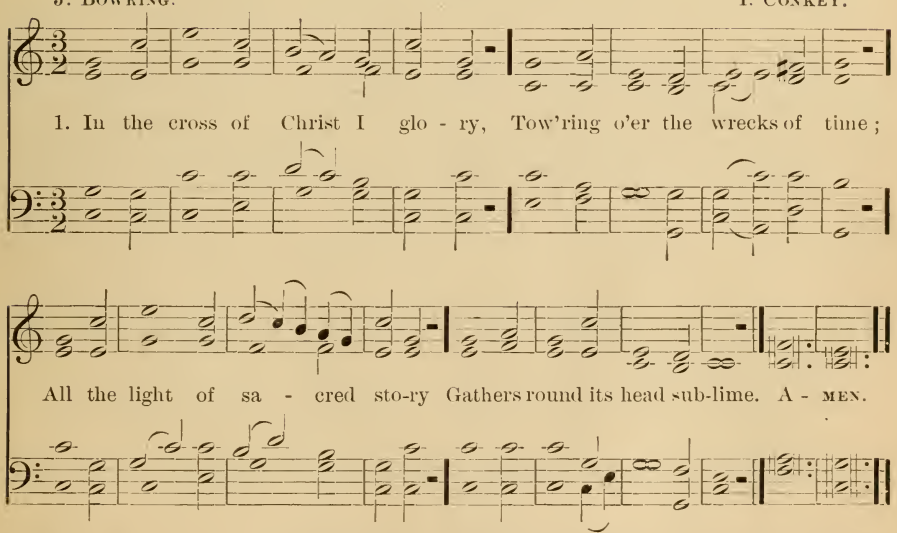
4 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

5 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

50. In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

RATHBUN.

J. Bowring. I. Conkey.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sub-lime. A - men.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

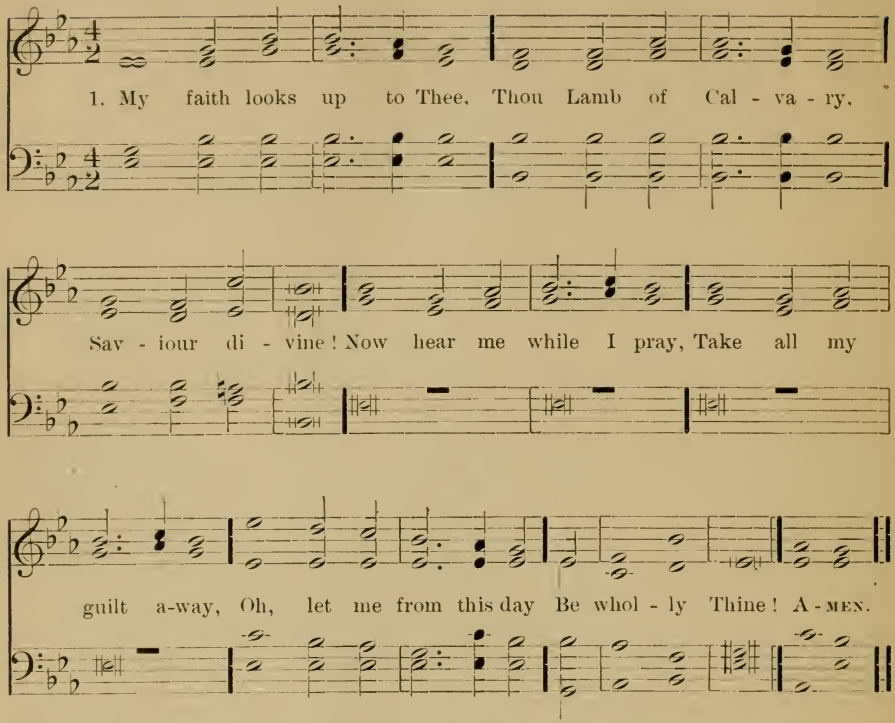
4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that thro' all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

51. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

OLIVET.

R. Palmer. L. Mason.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
guilt a-way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine! A - men.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide:
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

52. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

PILOT.

E. Hopper. J. E. Gould.

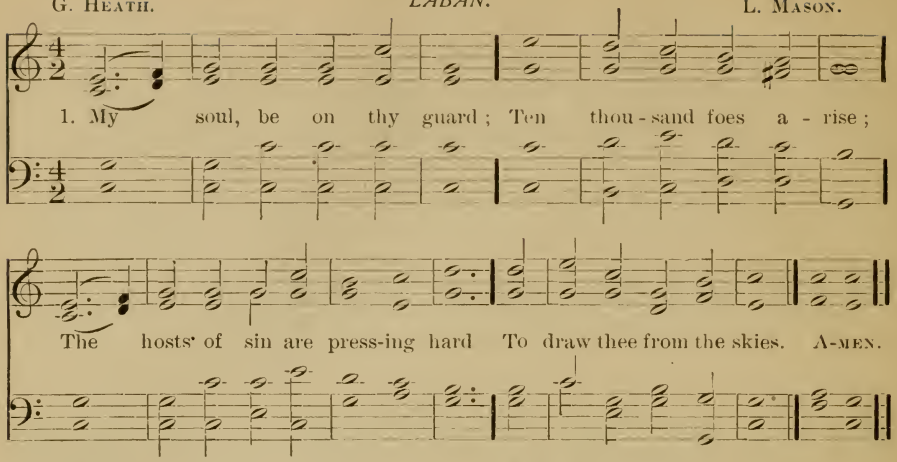
1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
Un-known waves be-fore me roll, . . Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sa-viour, pi - lot me. A - men.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou sayest to them, "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

53. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

G. Heath. *LABAN.* L. Mason.



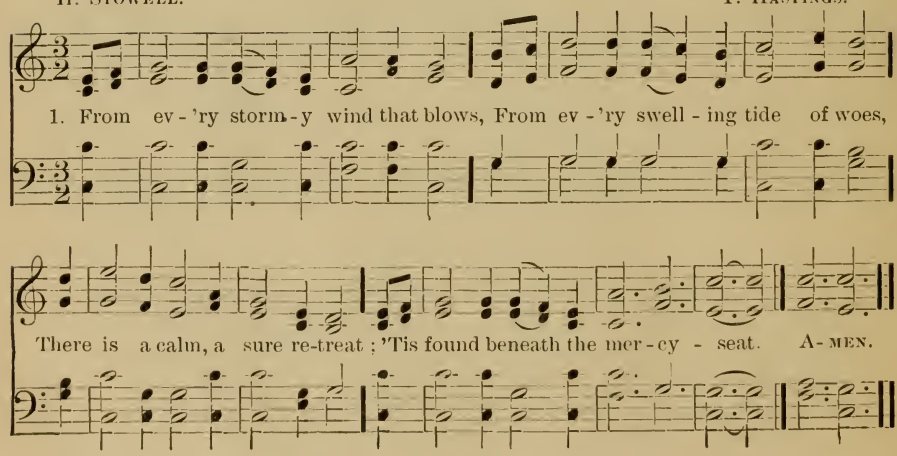
2 O watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath
Up to His blest abode.

54. From Every Stormy Wind That Blows.

H. Stowell. *RETREAT.* T. Hastings.


1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found beneath the mer-cy-seat. A-men.

From Every Stormy Wind That Blows.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far; by faith they meet
Around the common mercy-seat.

4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

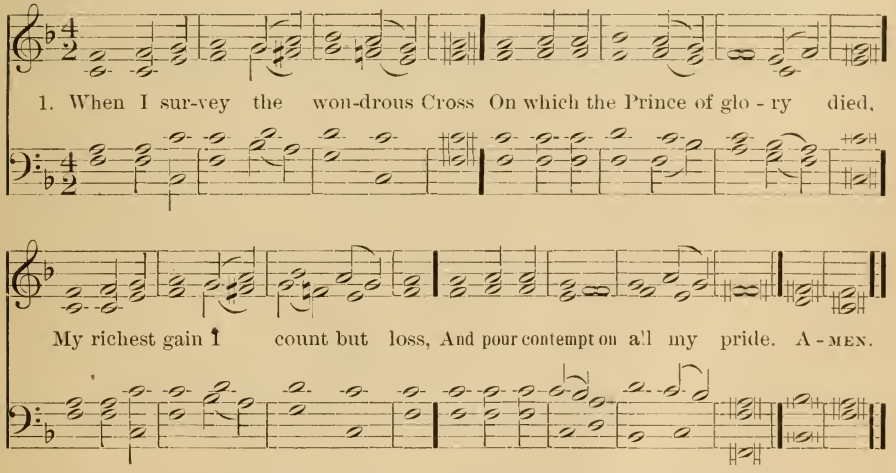
5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

6 O may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

55. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

HAMBURG.

I. Watts. Arr. by L. Mason.


1. When I sur-vey the won-drous Cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. A - men.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the Cross of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

3 See from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

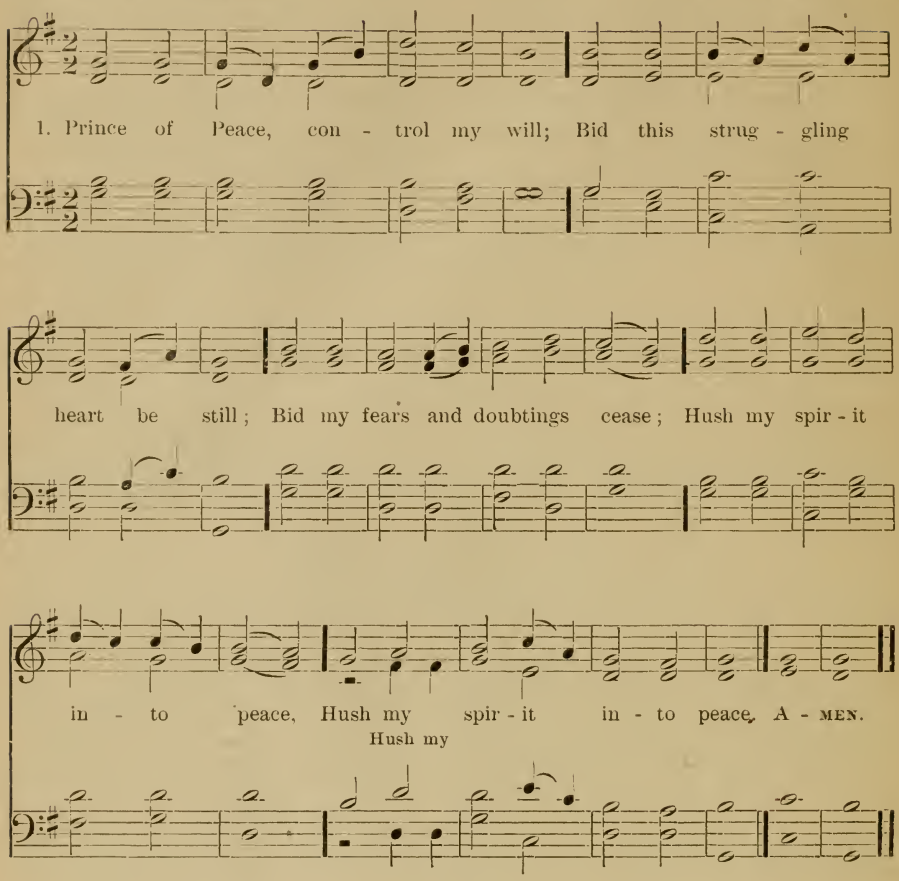
4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

5 To Christ, who won for sinners grace
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransom'd race
For ever and for evermore.

56. Prince of Peace, Control My Will.

HENDON.

MARY S. B. SHINDLER. C. H. A. MALAN.


1. Prince of Peace, con - trol my will; Bid this strug - gling
heart be still; Bid my fears and doubtings cease; Hush my spir - it
in - to peace, Hush my spir - it in - to peace. A - MEN.
Hush my

2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God:
Peace I ask; but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with Thee.

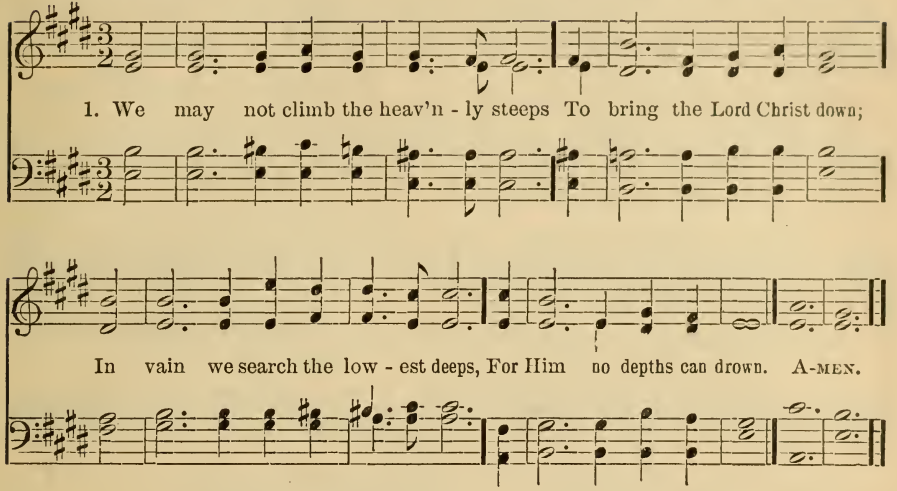
3 May Thy will, not mine, be done;
May Thy will and mine be one;
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now Thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour, at Thy feet I fall;
Thou my life, my God, my all!
Let Thy happy servant be
One for evermore with Thee!

57. We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps.

SERENITY.

J. G. Whittier. Arr. from W. V. Wallace.


1. We may not climb the heav'n - ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the low - est deeps, For Him no depths can drown. A-men.

2 The letter fails, and systems fall,
And every symbol wanes;
The Spirit over-brooding all,
Eternal Love remains.

3 For warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

4 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

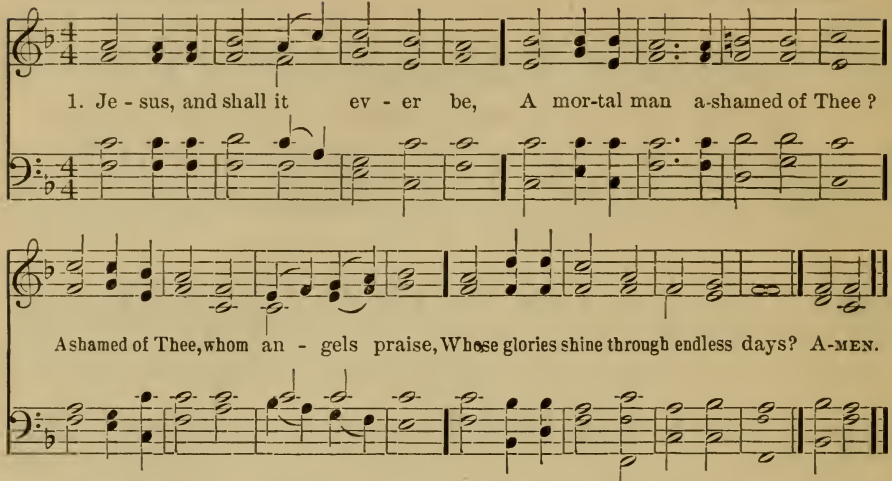
5 Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

6 Our Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

58. Jesus, and Shall It Ever Be.

FEDERAL STREET.

GRIGG and FRANCIS. H. K. OLIVER.


1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man a-shamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glories shine through endless days? A-MEN.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of Heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

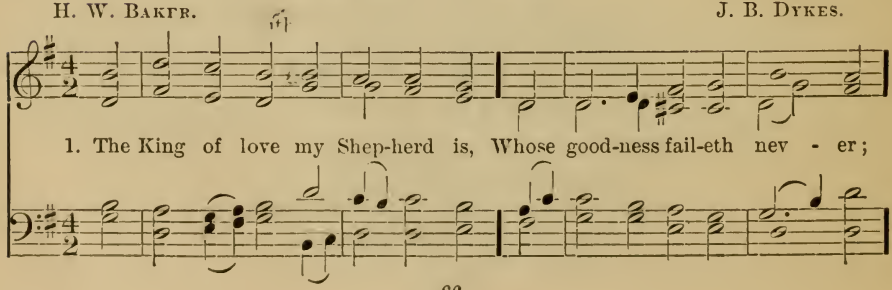
5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

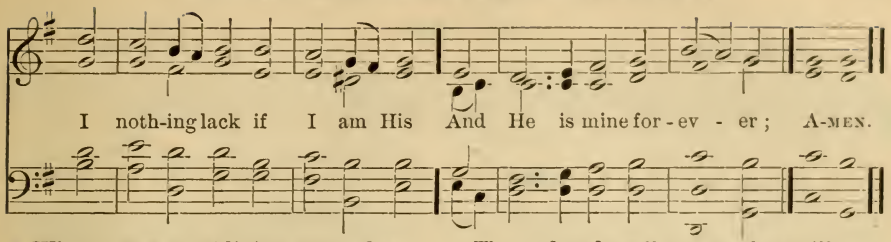
59. The King of Love My Shepherd Is.

DOMINUS REGIT ME.

H. W. BAKER. J. B. DYKES.



The King of Love My Shepherd Is.



2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

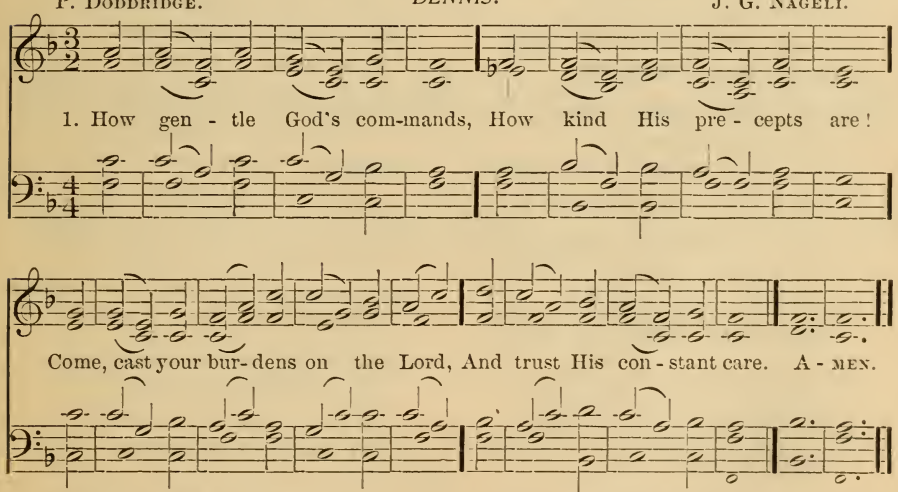
4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

60. How Gentle God's Commands.

P. DODDRIDGE. *DENNIS.* J. G. NÄGELI.



2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide His children well.

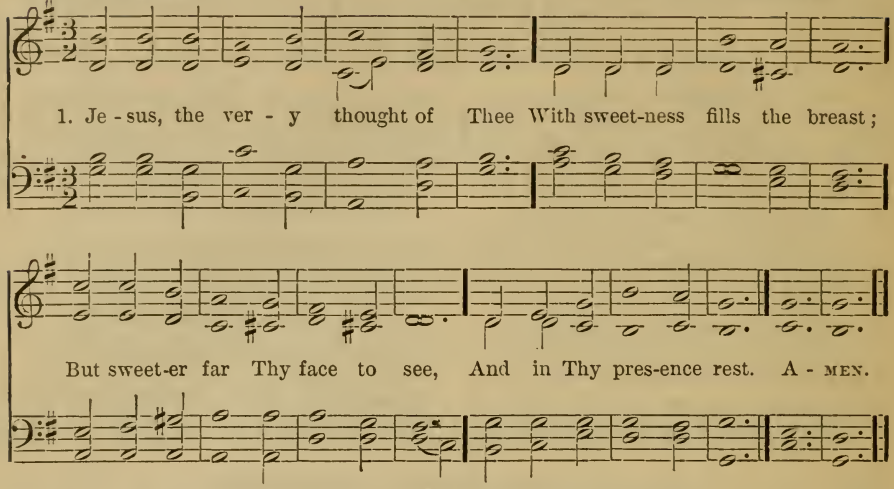
3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

61. Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

ST. AGNES.

Tr. E. Caswall. J. B. Dykes.


1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills the breast;
But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest. A - men.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who ask how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

Part II.

6 O Jesus, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

7 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

8 O Jesus, light of all below,
Thou fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire;

9 Jesus, may all confess Thy name,
Thy wondrous love adore,
And, seeking Thee, themselves inflame,
To seek Thee more and more.

10 Thee, Jesus, may our voices bless,
Thee may we love alone,
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

Part III.

11 O Jesus, Thou the beauty art
Of angel-worlds above;
Thy name is music to the heart,
Inflaming it with love.

12 Celestial sweetness unalloyed,
Who eat Thee hunger still;
Who drink of Thee still feel a void,
Which only Thou canst fill.

13 O most sweet Jesus, hear the sighs
Which unto Thee we send;
To Thee our inmost spirit cries,
To Thee our prayers ascend.

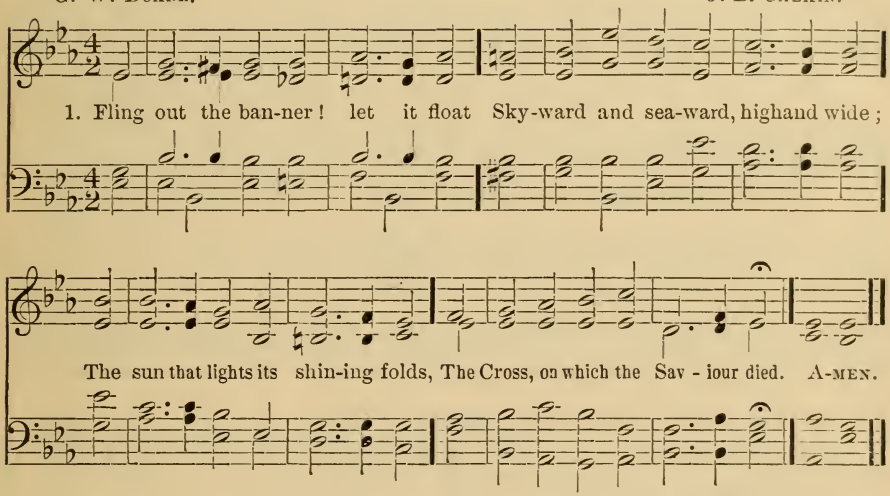
14 Abide with us, and let Thy Light
Shine, Lord, on every heart;
Dispel the darkness of our night,
And joy to all impart.

15 Jesus, our love and joy, to Thee,
The Virgin's Holy Son,
All might, and praise, and glory be,
While endless ages run.

62. Fling Out the Banner! Let It Float.

WALTHAM.

G. W. Doane. J. B. Calkin.


1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The Cross, on which the Sav - iour died. A-men.

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the Cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!

6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

63. The Morning Light is Breaking.

WEBB.

S. F. Smith. G. J. Webb.

1. The morn-ing light is break-ing, The dark-ness dis-ap-pears;
The sons of earth are wak-ing To pen-i-ten-tial tears.
Each breeze that sweeps the o-cean Brings tid-ings from a-far,
Of na-tions in com-mo-tion, Pre-pared for Zi-on's war. A-men.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

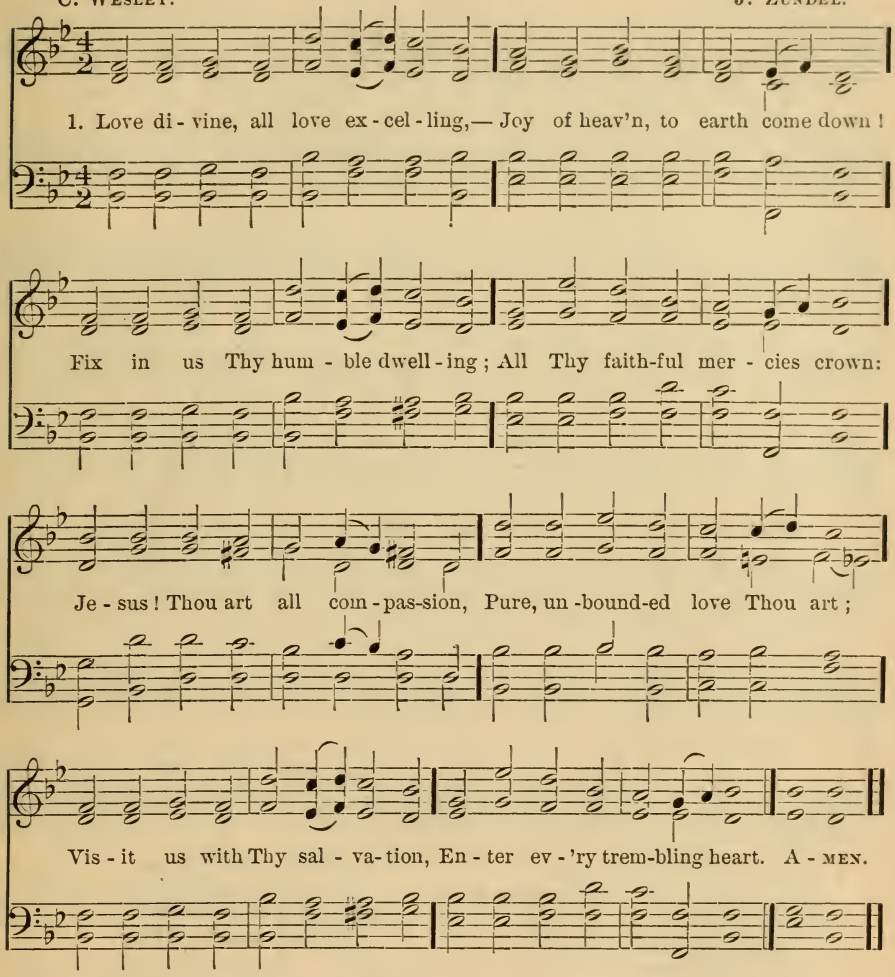
3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow Thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, the Lord is come.

64. Love Divine, All Love Excelling.

BEECHER.

C. Wesley. J. Zundel.


1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling,— Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing; All Thy faith-ful mer - cies crown:
Je - sus! Thou art all com - pas-sion, Pure, un - bound-ed love Thou art;
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem-bling heart. A - men.

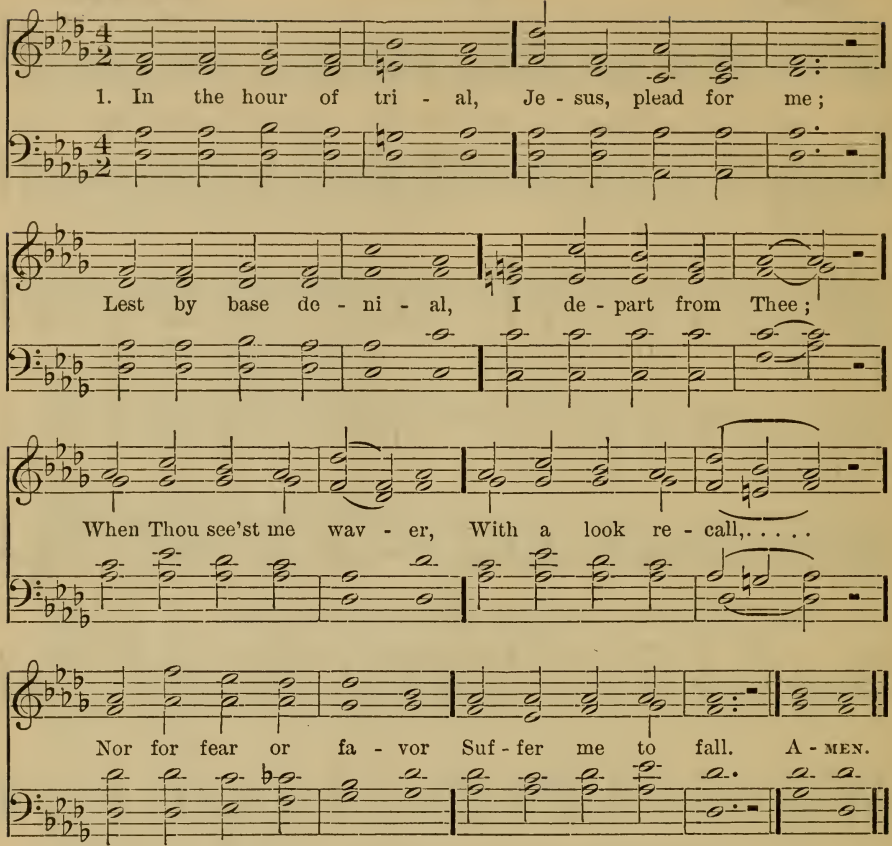
2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest:
Come! Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Nevermore Thy temples leave!

3 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure, and spotless let us be;
Let us see our great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

65. In the Hour of Trial.

PENITENCE.

J. Montgomery. S. Lane.


1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me;
Lest by base de - ni - al, I de - part from Thee;
When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a look re - call,.....
Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall. A - men.

2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On Thy truth relying,
Thro' that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

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66. Lord, For To-morrow and Its Needs.

JUST FOR TO-DAY.

E. R. WILBERFORCE. H. R. PALMER.

1. Lord, for to - mor - row and its needs I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin Just for to - day.
Help me to la - bor earn - est - ly, And du - ly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed, Fa - ther, to - day. A - MEN.

2 Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips
Thro' all to-day.
Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay;
Let me be faithful to Thy grace,
Dear Lord, to-day.

3 And if, to-day, this life of mine
Should ebb away,
Give me Thy Sacrament Divine,
Father, to-day.
So for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Thro' each to-day.

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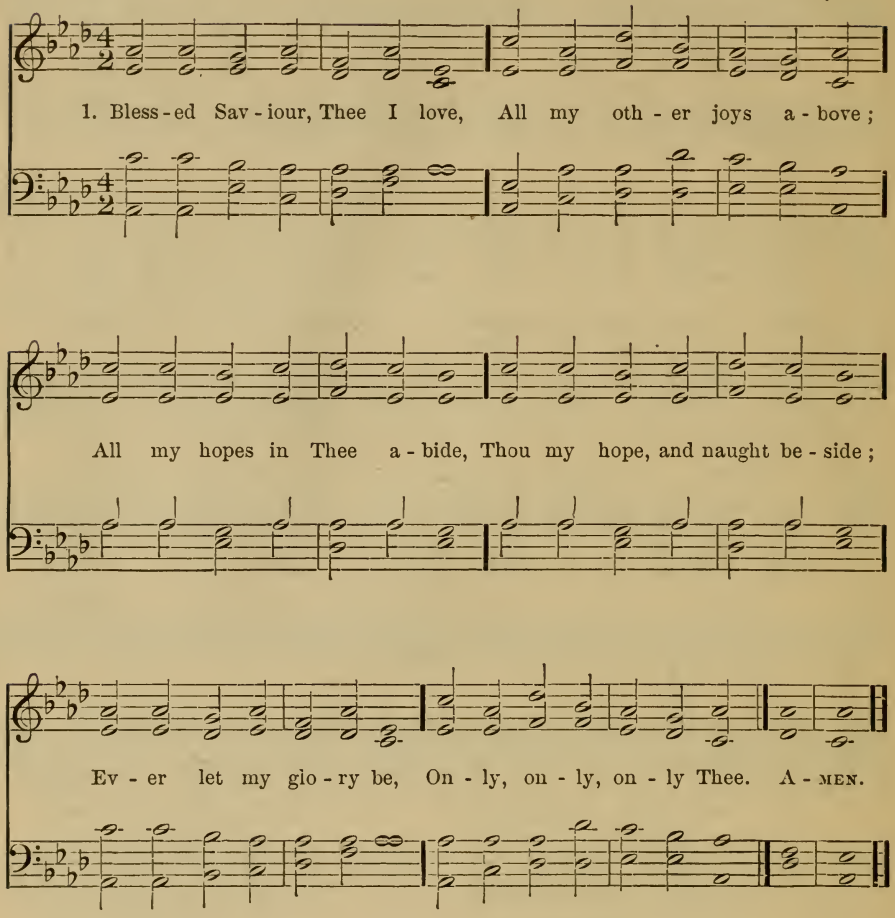
67. Blessed Saviour, Thee I Love.

SPANISH CHANT.

G. Duffield. "Spanish Melody."


1. Bless-ed Sav-iour, Thee I love, All my oth-er joys a-bove;
All my hopes in Thee a-bide, Thou my hope, and naught be-side;
Ev-er let my glo-ry be, On-ly, on-ly, on-ly Thee. A-men.

2 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away, —
Clouds they are that hide my day:
Hence, vain shadows! let me see
Jesus crucified for me.

3 Blessed Saviour, Thine am I,
Thine to live, and Thine to die;
Height, or depth, or earthly pow'r,
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
Ever shall my glory be,
Only, only, only Thee.

68. O Mother Dear, Jerusalem!

D. Dickson. *MATERNA.* S. A. Ward.

1. O moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa-lem! When shall I come to Thee?
When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? . .
O hap - py har - bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil! . .
In thee no sor - row can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil. A - men.

2 No murky cloud o'er-shadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun:
For God Himself gives light.
O my sweet home, Jerusalem!
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In His felicity?

3 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green, [flowers
Where grow such sweet and pleasant
As nowhere else are seen.
Right thro' the streets, with pleasing [sound,
The living waters flow,
And on the banks on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

4 Those trees each month yield ripened
For evermore they spring, [fruit;
And all the nations of the earth
To thee their honors bring.
O mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

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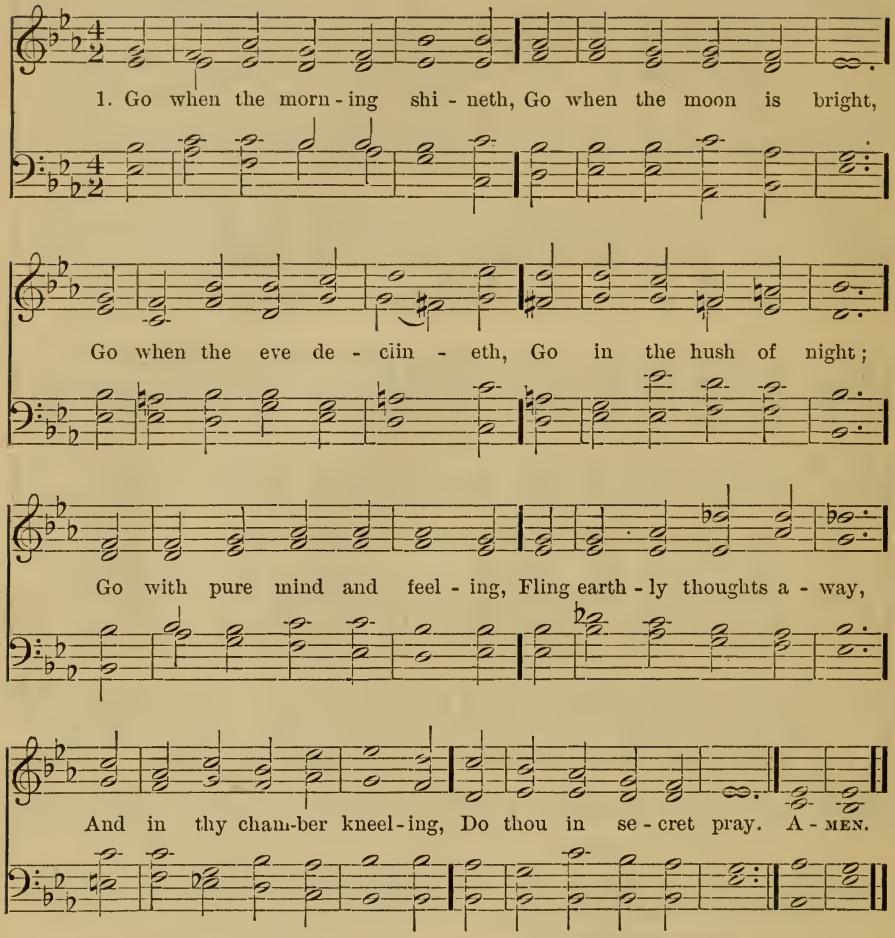
69. Go When the Morning Shineth.

CRATHIE.

JANE C. SIMPSON. J. F. BRIDGE.


1. Go when the morn - ing shi - neth, Go when the moon is bright,
Go when the eve de - clin - eth, Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feel - ing, Fling earth - ly thoughts a - way,
And in thy cham-ber kneel - ing, Do thou in se - cret pray. A - MEN.

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray too for those that hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself in meekness
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's Name.

3 But if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray;
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way;
E'en then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above
Shall reach His throne of glory,
Of mercy, truth, and love.

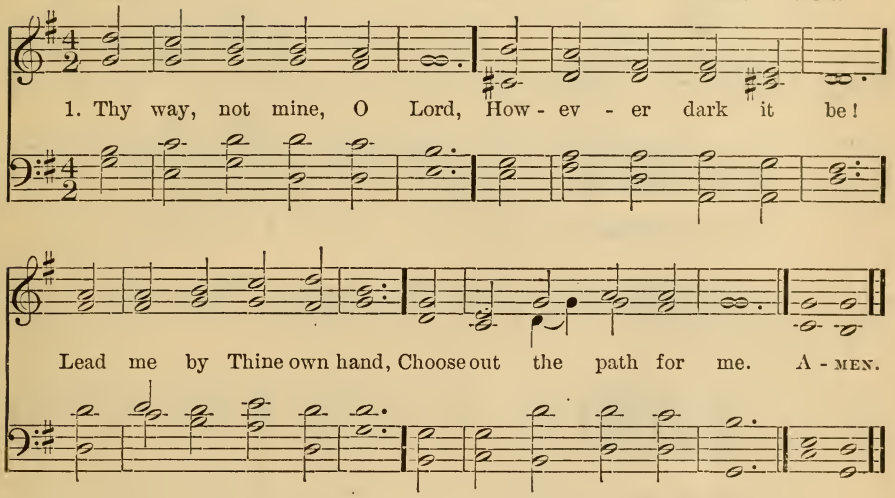
Go When the Morning Shineth.

4 O, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The power that He hath given us
To pour our souls in prayer.
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall;
Remember in thy gladness
His love who gave thee all.

70. Thy Way, Not Mine, O Lord.

ST. CECILIA.

H. Bonar. L. G. Hayne.



2 Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

4 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine;
Else I must surely stray.

5 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

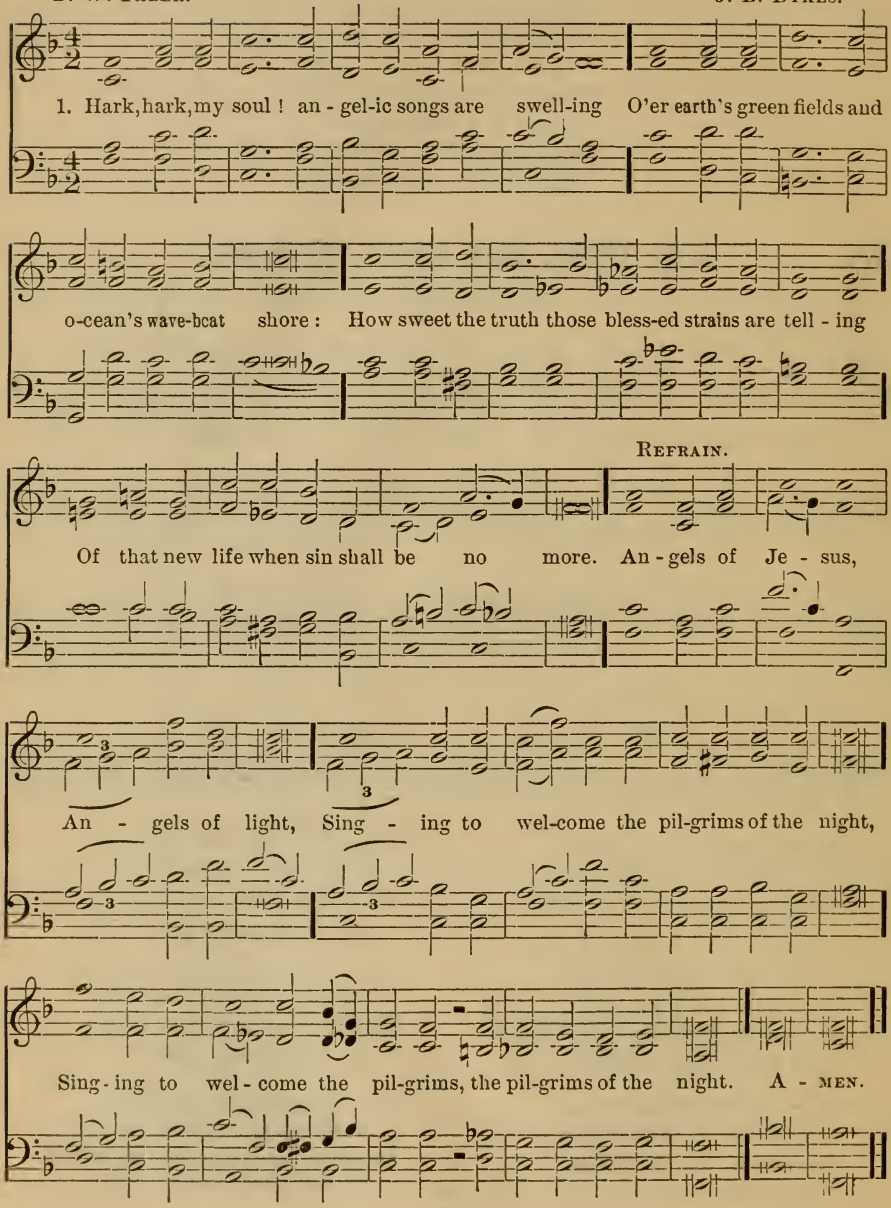
6 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

7 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All!

71. Hark, Hark, My Soul!

VOX ANGELICA.

F. W. Faber. J. B. Dykes.


1. Hark, hark, my soul! an - gel-ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and
o-cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing
Refrain.
Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,
An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night,
Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims, the pil-grims of the night. A - men.

Hark, Hark, My Soul.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

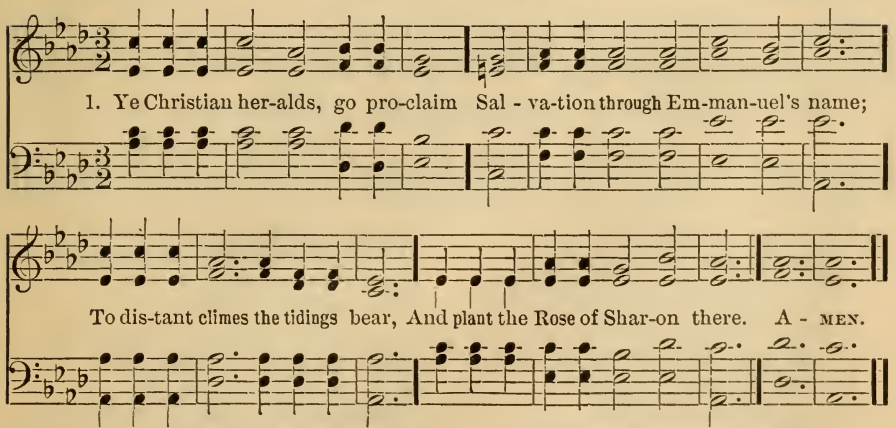
3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And Heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

5 Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the the night!

72. Ye Christian Heralds, Go Proclaim.

B. H. Draper. *MISSIONARY CHANT.* C. Zeuner.

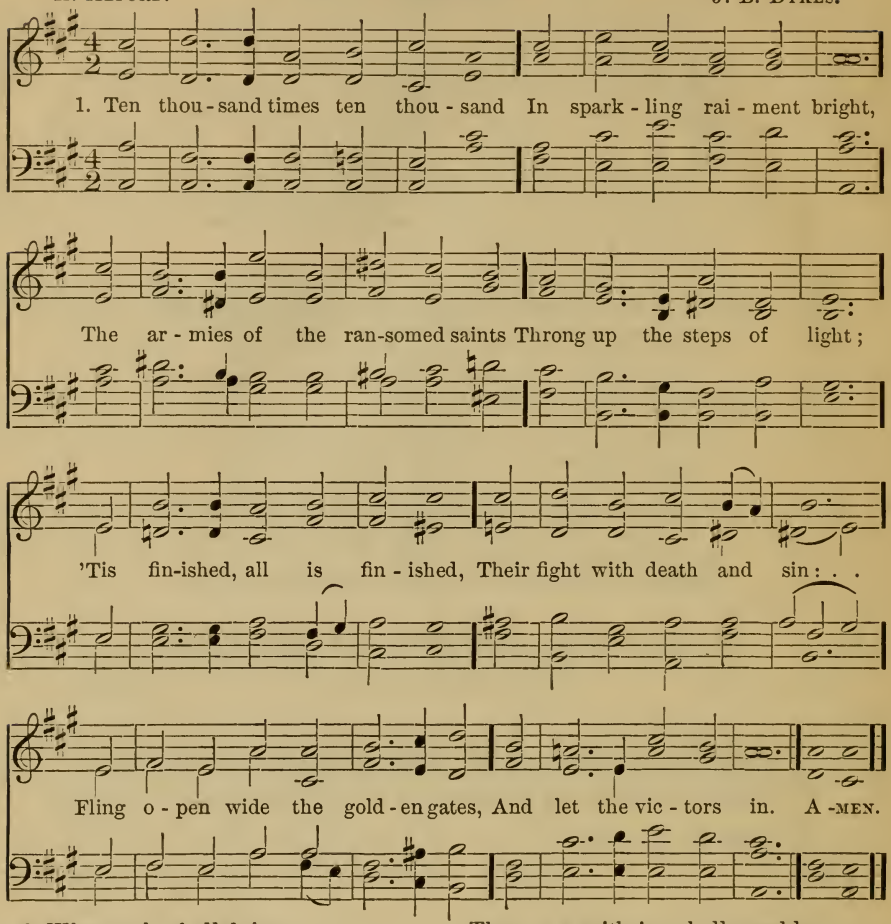

1. Ye Christian her-alds, go pro-claim Sal - va-tion through Em-man-uel's name;
To dis-tant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Shar-on there. A - MEN.

2 God shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempests into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more;
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

73. Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand.

H. Alford. *ALFORD.* J. B. Dykes.


1. Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand In spark - ling rai - ment bright,
The ar - mies of the ran-somed saints Throng up the steps of light;
'Tis fin-ished, all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin: . .
Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in. A - men.

2 What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky;
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh.
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
O joy of all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid.

3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore;
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more.
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain!
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power, and reign!
Appear, Desire of Nations,
Thine exiles long for home!
Show in the heaven Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

74. Jerusalem, the Golden.

EWING.

Tr. J. M. Neale. A. Ewing.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem! the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest;
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest;
I know not, oh, I know not What joys a - wait me there,
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare. A - men.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

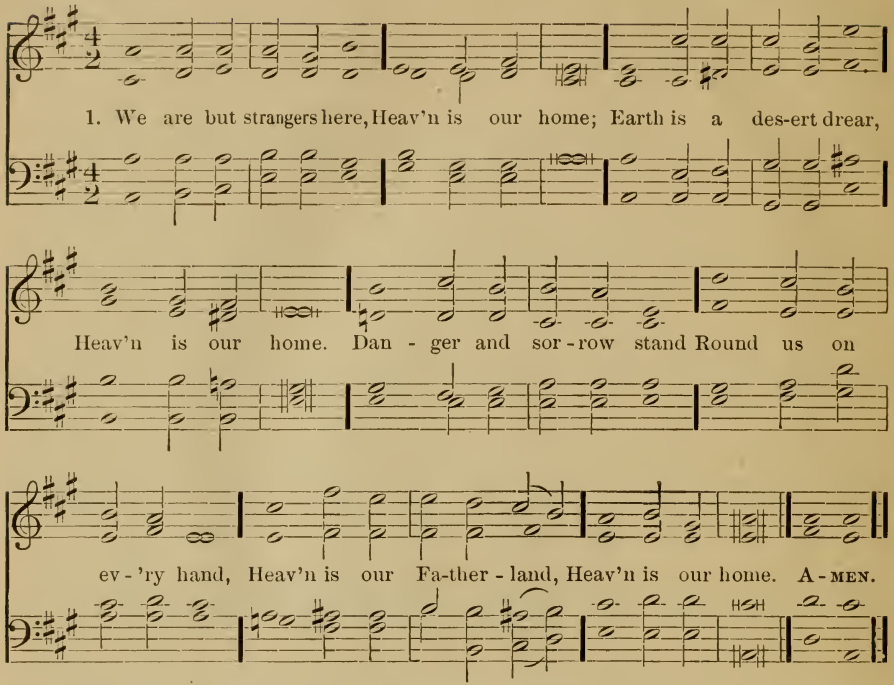
3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 Oh! sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
Oh! sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

75. We Are But Strangers Here.

FATHERLAND.

T. R. Taylor. A. S. Sullivan.


1. We are but strangers here, Heav'n is our home; Earth is a des-ert drear,
Heav'n is our home. Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round us on
ev - 'ry hand, Heav'n is our Fa-ther - land, Heav'n is our home. A - MEN.

2 What though the tempests rage?
Heaven is our home;
Short is our pilgrimage,
Heaven is our home.
And Time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be overpast,
We shall reach home at last;
Heaven is our home.

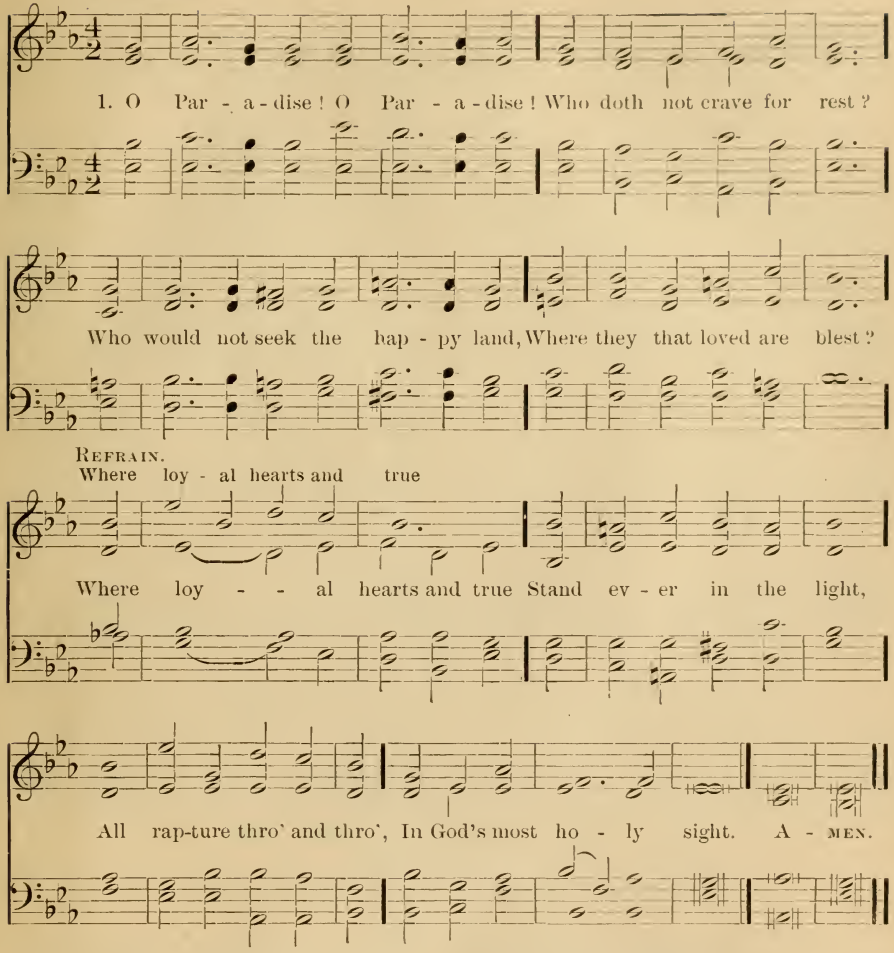
3 There at our Saviour's side
Heaven is our home;
May we be glorified;
Heaven is our home;
There are the good and blest,
Those we love most and best,
Grant us with them to rest:
Heaven is our home.

4 Grant us to murmur not,
Heaven is our home.
Whate'er our earthly lot,
Heaven is our home.
Grant us at last to stand
There at Thine own right hand,
Jesus, in Fatherland:
Heaven is our home!

76. O Paradise! O Paradise!

PARADISE.

F. W. Faber. J. Barnby.


1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the hap - py land, Where they that loved are blest?
Refrain.
Where loy - al hearts and true
Where loy - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,
All rap-ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight. A - men.

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest, and free,
Where love is never cold?

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth,
As on thy spotless shore.

4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me.

77. Lead, Kindly Light.

LUX BENIGNA.

J. H. Newman. J. B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I
do not ask to see . . . The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me. A-men.

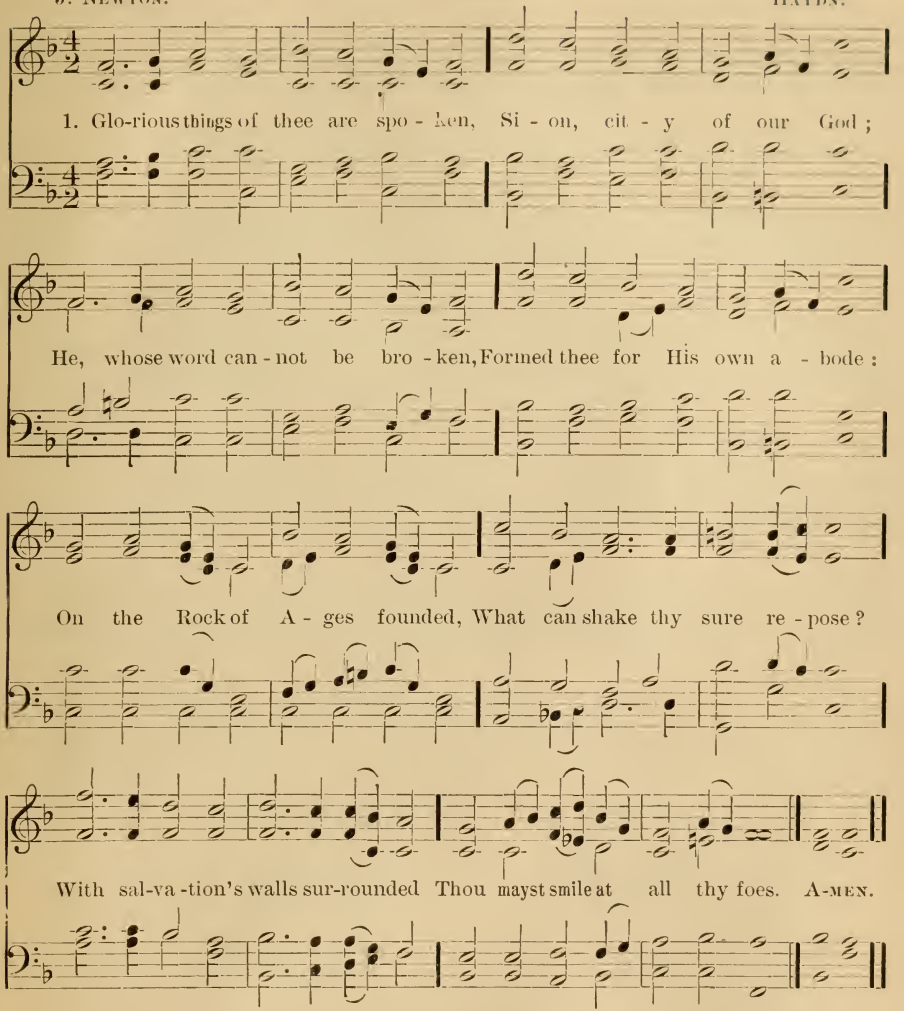
2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

78. Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken.

AUSTRIA.

J. Newton. Haydn.


1. Glo-rious things of thee are spo - ken, Si - on, cit - y of our God;
He, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode:
On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
With sal-va-tion's walls sur-rounded Thou mayst smile at all thy foes. A-men.

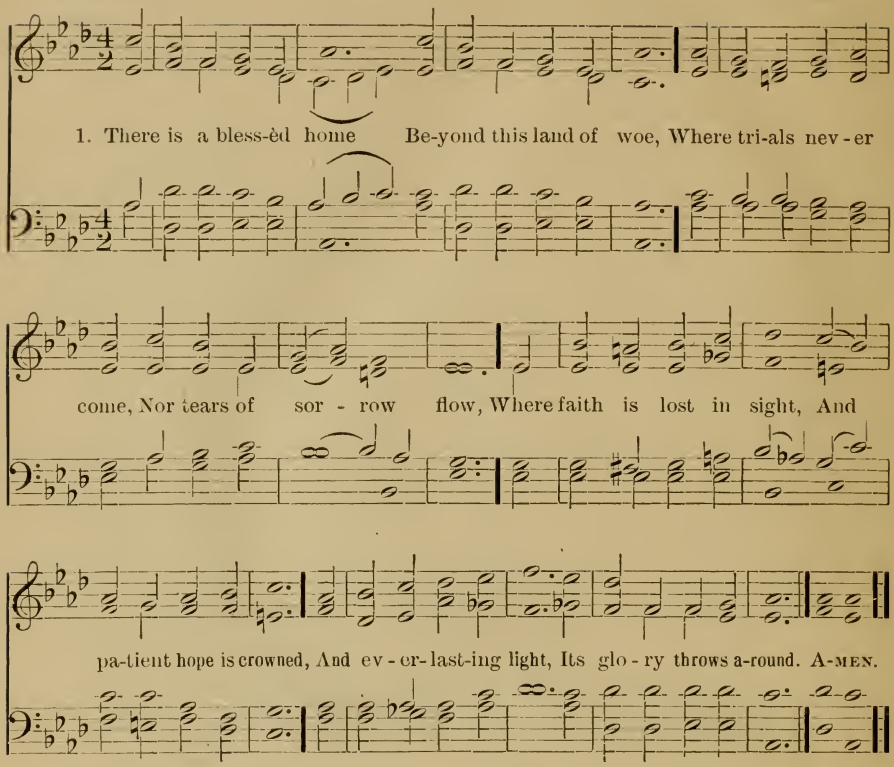
2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from Eternal Love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage:
Grace, which like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering;
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which He gives them when they pray.

79. There is a Blessèd Home.

BLESSED HOME.

H. W. Baker. J. Stainer.


1. There is a bless-èd home Be-yond this land of woe, Where tri-als nev-er
come, Nor tears of sor - row flow, Where faith is lost in sight, And
pa-tient hope is crowned, And ev - er-last-ing light, Its glo - ry throws a-round. A-MEN.

2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One
And spirit, evermore.

3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side;
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

80. A Safe Stronghold Our God is Still.

EIN FESTE BURG.

MARTIN LUTHER. Harm. by J. S. BACH.

1. A safe strong-hold our God is still, A trust-y shield and weap - on;
He'll help us clear from all the ill That hath us now o'er - tak - en.
The an - cient prince of hell Hath ris'n with purpose fell; Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour; On earth is not his fel - low. A-MEN.

2 With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, who is this same?
Christ Jesus is His name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

3 And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit;
For why? his doom is writ;
A word shall quickly slay him.

4 God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment shall not linger,
But spite of hell, shall have its course;
'Tis written by His finger.
And, though they take our life,
Goods, honor, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all,
The city of God remaineth.

81. Rise, Crowned With Light.

RUSSIAN HYMN

A. Pope. A. T. Lwoff.

1. Rise, crown'd with light, im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise! Ex - alt thy
tower - ing head and lift thine eyes! See heaven its spark - ling por - tals
wide dis - play, And break up - on thee in a flood of day. A-men.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn:
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

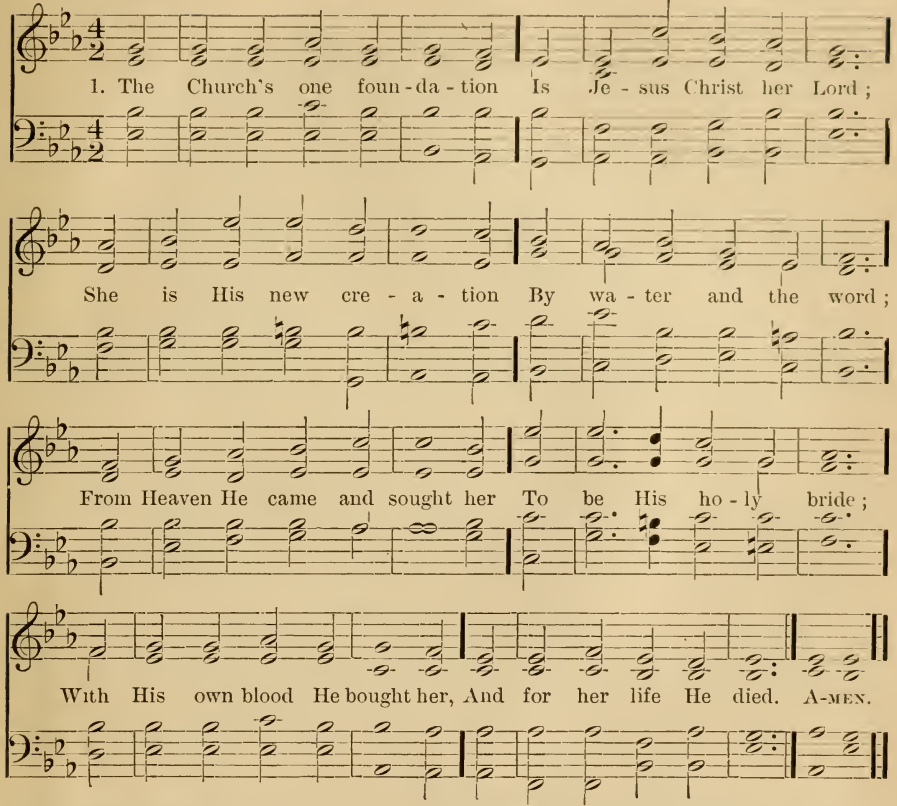
3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realms shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

82. The Church's One Foundation.

AURELIA.

S. J. Stone. S. S. Wesley.


1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word;
From Heaven He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A-men.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

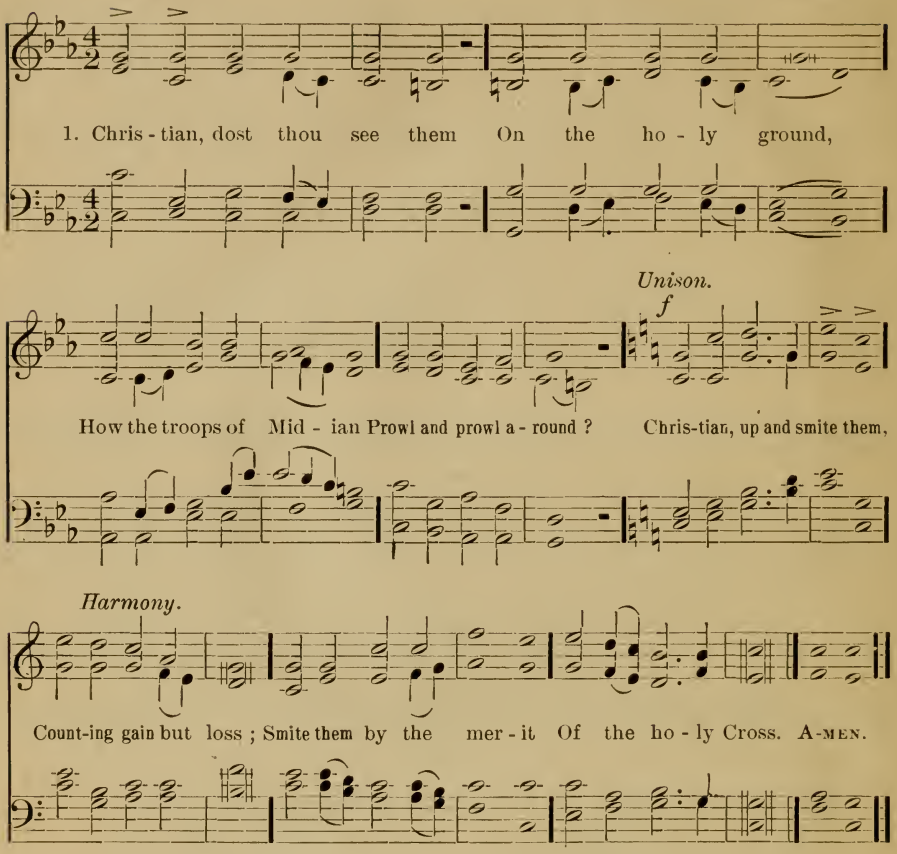
4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace forever more;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won;
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace, that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

83. Christian, Dost Thou See Them?

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE.

Tr. J. M. Neale. J. B. Dykes.


1. Chris - tian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground,
Unison.
f
How the troops of Mid - ian Prowl and prowl a - round ? Chris-tian, up and smite them,
Harmony.
Count-ing gain but loss ; Smite them by the mer - it Of the ho - ly Cross. A-men.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian, never tremble;
Never be down-cast;
Smite them by the virtue
Of the Lenten fast.

3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly,
"While I breathe I pray:"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

84. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. Heber. *VINDEX.* H. S. Cutler.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far; Who fol-lows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o-ver pain, . .
Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train. A-men.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save:
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame:
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

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85. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

ST. GERTRUDE.

S. Baring-Gould. A. S. Sullivan.

1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go. On-ward, Christian sol - diers,
March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A-men.

2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided,
All one body we, —
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.

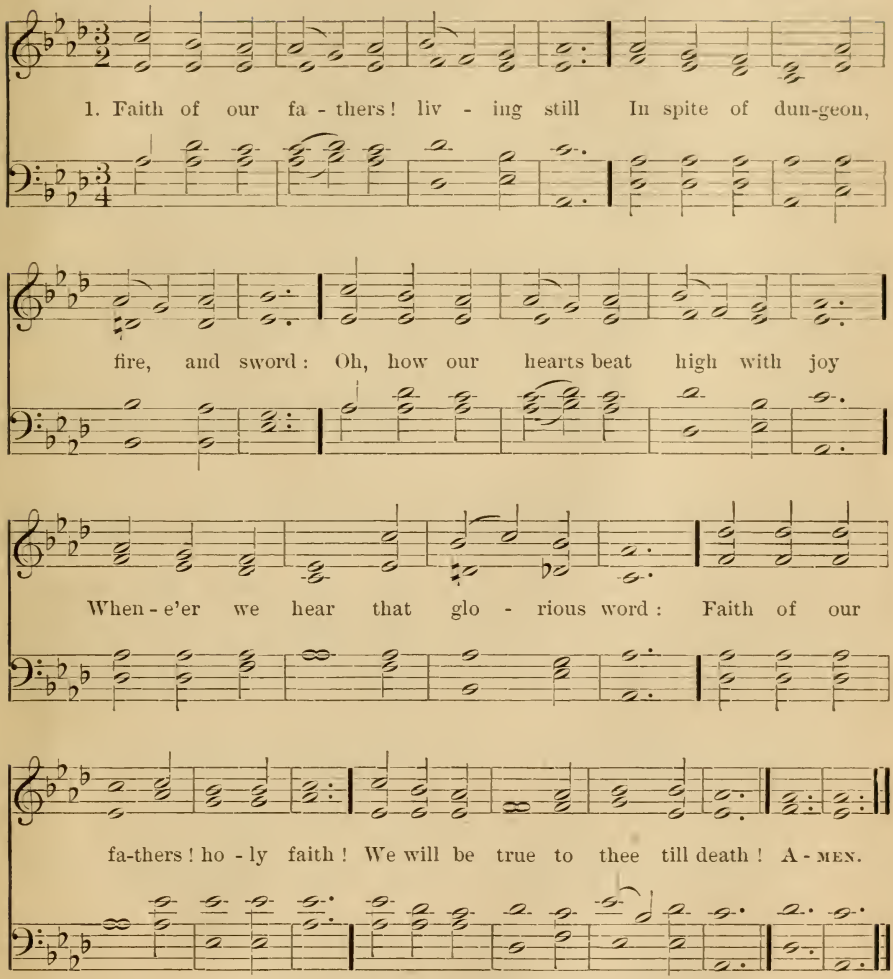
3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain.
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail:
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

4 Onward, then, ye faithful,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song.
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King:
This, through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.

86. Faith of Our Fathers!

ST. CATHERINE.

F. W. Faber. Ad. by J. G. Walton.


1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon,
fire, and sword: Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy
When - e'er we hear that glo - rious word: Faith of our
fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death! A - men.

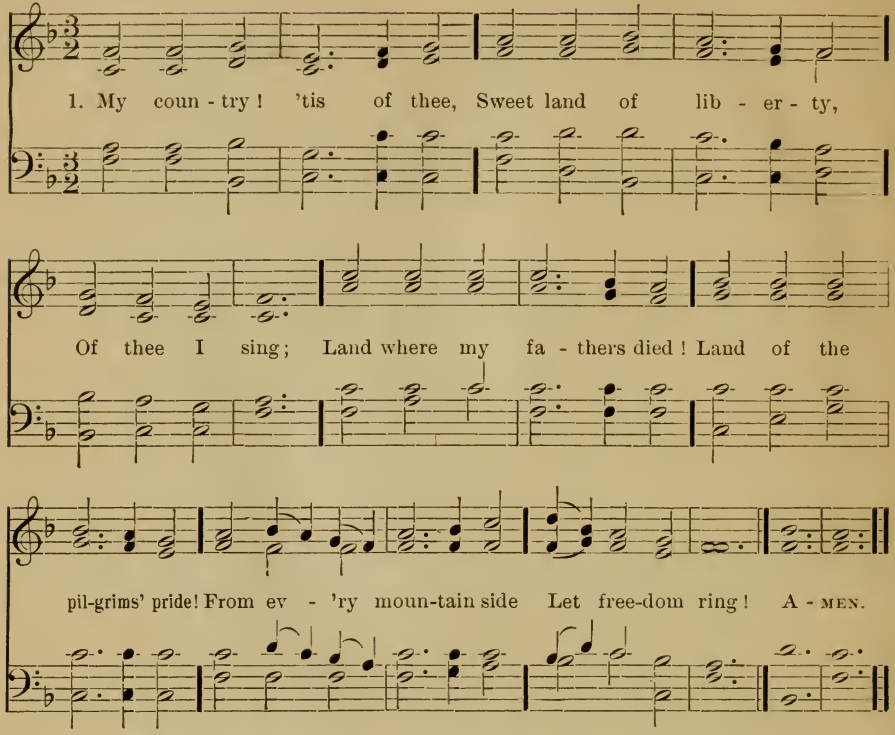
2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free:
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

3 Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

87. My Country! 'tis of Thee.

AMERICA.

S. F. Smith. Ad. by H. Carey.


1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
pil-grims' pride! From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring! A - men.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

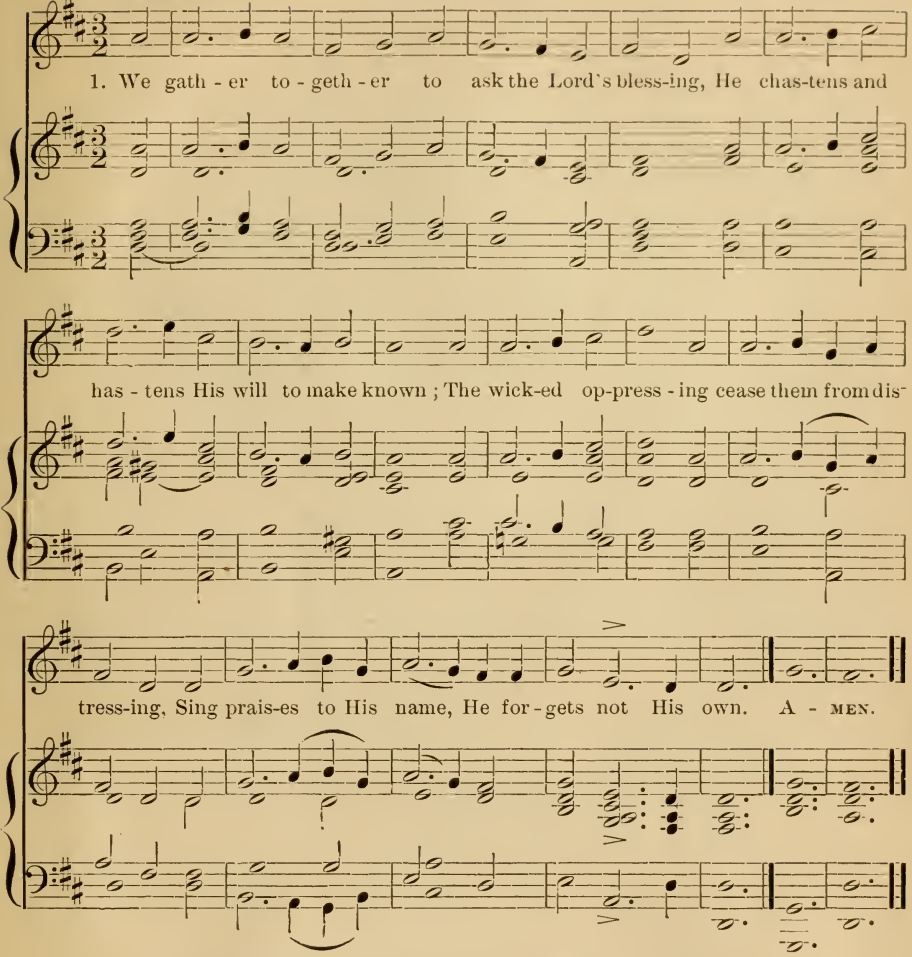
4 Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

88. A Prayer of Thanksgiving.

NETHERLANDS.

E. KREMSER.

UNISON.


1. We gath - er to - geth - er to ask the Lord's bless-ing, He chas-tens and
has - tens His will to make known; The wick-ed op-press - ing cease them from dis-
tress-ing, Sing prais-es to His name, He for - gets not His own. A - MEN.

2 Beside us to guide us, our God with us joining,
Ordaining, maintaining His Kingdom divine.
So from the beginning the fight we were winning;
Thou, Lord, wast at our side, the glory be Thine!

3 We all do extol Thee, Thou Leader in battle,
And pray that Thou still our Defender wilt be;
Let Thy congregation escape tribulation:
Thy name be ever prais'd! O Lord, make us free!

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CHAUTAUQUA INSTITUTION.

The Chautauqua Assembly, originally known as the Chautauqua Sunday School Assembly, held its first session at Fairpoint, on Chautauqua Lake in Southwestern New York, in August, 1874. Lewis Miller, of Akron, O., and John H. Vincent, of New York, were the joint founders of the Assembly. Their purpose was to enlarge the conception of Bible study, and to provide under new conditions a wider and deeper preparation for religious teachers. The Assembly was in no sense an outgrowth of the camp-meeting movement; the new institution simply used at first the property of a camp-meeting Association.

The development of Chautauqua has been a logical and natural unfolding of the original plan, which involved certain fundamental principles. Chautauqua was from the outset religious, non-sectarian, educative, and rationally recreative. Religious ideals, conceived in a truly catholic and comprehensive way, have always dominated the life of the institution. Never has there been more interest in this phase of Chautauqua than at present, as shown by the large attendance at daily devotional services, at conferences on religious themes, and in the spirit of Christian charity and kindliness which pervades the summer community.

The educational side of Chautauqua has had a remarkable growth. The attempt to give a broad training to the Sunday School teacher resulted in the adding of instruction in many collateral subjects. Languages, history, literature, were eagerly welcomed. Ministers demanded Hebrew and Greek. Then came public school teachers for whose needs provision was made, until year by year the schools grew to the proportions of a great system, in which to-day nearly one hundred instructors teach twenty-five hundred students.

Early in the history of Chautauqua its officers felt the need of giving direction and stimulus to people the whole year round. In 1878 the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle was organized to further this end. This "home-reading circle" has exerted an incalculable influence upon the American people. It has been able to adjust its methods wisely to changing conditions, and is at present guiding thousands of earnest people in systematic courses in history, literature, science, and art.

Chautauqua is also a summer community, with public functions extended to include popular lectures, concerts, and entertainments, as well as social clubs and groups of many kinds. Every element which goes to make up normal, sane, wholesome living is provided.

Chautauqua looks back upon thirty years of life with pride; it looks forward into an indefinite future with hope and high purposes. It seeks to make Chautauqua, the place, a model of health and beauty; it aims to develop Chautauqua as an ideal, to enrich its schools, to widen its circle of students, to send endowed teachers and circle leaders into the field, — in short, to make Chautauqua in an increasingly important sense a great agency of higher individual and national life.